

WAR CRY



VOL. X. No. 26. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894. [HERBERT H. BOOTH, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

RAISING THE DEAD

CARPENTER & JOINER

BY THE GENERAL.

Raising the dead is the business of the Salvationist. He has been raised himself. He was dead, but he has been made alive, and the life that he now lives is a new life; a pure, useful, beautiful, heavenly life. He knows it, enjoys it, praises God for it continually, and looks forward to the time when he will live it in all its perfection amidst rapturous surroundings of the celestial world in fellowship with his blood-washed comrades in the presence of the King of kings.

But, alas! his lot for the present is cast in

A World of Death.

The natural world, the world that he can see and handle and feel with his bodily senses, is dying all the time, nearly every creature he has to do with fades and crumbles to pieces in his grasp. It either dies in his embrace, or he dies while he holds it to his heart.

The vast majority of the people around him, viewed from the standpoint of the throne of God, are dead; dead spiritually, dead at heart. The soul is dead.

Dead in the sense of condemnation, as the criminal who has been tried, found guilty and condemned, is dead in the eye of the law, so these souls have been convicted of the aggression of the laws of Jehovah and

condemned to die. The sentence has not been executed, but the law regards their lives as being forfeited: "The wages of sin is death." Dead in their helplessness.

They are not only unable to undo the past, or to atone for it, but absolutely without power to stop repeating their crimes in the future. They cannot help themselves.

feet shall run after Him Whom they have forsaken. These arms shall embrace Him Whom they have rejected. The breath of Eternal Life shall enter into their souls

Dead in their insensibility. Dead men neither see, nor hear, nor feel the things that are existing and acting around them. They may have some knowledge of the affairs of some other world, but they perceive not the affairs of this. And so with men and women who are afflicted with this spiritual death; they neither see, nor hear, nor feel the things which relate to the welfare of their higher nature. They are blind and deaf and without power to apprehend God, Christ, eternity, or the judgment day, the pains of hell, or the joys of heaven. They are dead. So far as they are concerned, their feelings or conduct would be just the same if there was no God, no Christ, no hell. If left to themselves by God and man, they

Float Down the River of Time,

making no resistance to the destruction that awaits its close.

Dead in the sense of corruption. Almost the first thought that comes with death is that which concerns decay, and the importance of making provision for its attendant evils. And oh, the rottenness—the inward loathsomeness of this spiritual death! The corrupt conscience, the corrupt will, the corrupt judgment, the corrupt imagination, the corrupt appetites! If the work of destruction is incomplete, and concealed from public gaze, it is there. The heaven is working.

That was a wonderful vision which God spread out before the gaze of Ezekiel in that terrible valley of death. As far as eye could reach in every direction there lay before him the bleaching bones of men—bones that had lain there for many a year, until they had become very dry. That was a remarkable sight. But the Salvationist has before him a constant vision quite as terrible. He sees the dead in every direction, not only in the valley, but on the mountain sides, in the crowded cities, in the towns, in the villages; indeed, wherever way he turns, he is confronted with the dead. They sit round his table, in his home. They work beside him in the factory, or the store, or the field, or wherever his daily lot is cast. They ride with him in the trains, and meet him in the streets and market places. They crowd the drinking saloons, concert halls and theatres. They come to his barracks, they hear him talk and pray and sing, and go unmoved away. He lives and moves and has his being in a world of death.

The Salvationist asks, as Ezekiel asked, "Can these dry bones live?" And the answer comes back, "Behold I will cause breath to enter into them and they shall live."

They Can be Raised.

Christ came on purpose to bring them life. As He rose so shall they arise. These months now so dumb, shall sing His praise. These dull, glazed eyes, shall see His glory. These stony, feelingless hearts, shall throb with His love. These feet shall run after Him Whom they have forsaken. These arms shall embrace Him Whom they have rejected. The breath of Eternal Life shall enter into their souls



Real Religion

and they shall live and magnify their Deliverer.

But who is to accomplish it? Answer: The Salvationist. He is the agent: God has chosen him, this is his work. He was raised from the dead, not only to experience the blessedness of salvation himself, but to be the instrument of conveying life to others. The Divine order is

Every Man a Resurrectionist.

There is going to be a mighty resurrection in the natural world. Every man, woman, and child that walks the earth shall live again. The resurrection of Christ was but the first-fruit of the mighty harvest of human bodies that is to be raised up. Here is a picture: "And I saw a mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were sun, and his feet as the pillars of fire; and he set his right foot upon the sea and his left foot on the earth, and lifted up his hand to heaven and swore by Him that liveth for ever and ever that there should be time no longer." And then was blown that mighty trumpet-blast which, sounding to the depths of both earth and ocean, shall wake up their slumbering multitudes and send them forth to meet their Lord at the great White Throne. What a day, and what a trumpet-blowing that will be!

But, my comrades, ere that archangel shall fulfil his stupendous task, let us hope, nay, let us determine that there shall be a great deal of the kind of trumpet-blowing of which Isaiah spoke when he said, "A great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come that are ready to perish." The trumpet-blowing which answers to the prophesying of Ezekiel, whose voice woke up the dry bones, of which the valley was full, and clothed them with flesh and sinew, and so produced an army of living men. The trumpet-blowing which shall give the heathen world to Jesus Christ for His inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for His possession, which shall accomplish the birth of a nation in a day.

So, my comrades, let us push forward with our Divine Christlike calling, the raising of the dead. Whether rich or poor, old or young, vulgar or polite, God will give us discernment to distinguish between the living and the dead; and when we find them in the darkness, and hopelessness, and insensibility of death, let us try to bring them into newness of life. But this

Raising of the Dead is no Easy Task.

It is not likely to be so. The figure itself indicates this. It will not be found difficult to give lessons to the dead—to sing, to pray, to perform ceremonies in the presence of the dead. It will be easy enough to build their monuments, paint their sepulchres, adorn their graveyards; but to make them hear our voice and come forth from their resting-places living men and women and children is another matter; and yet that is the work we have to do. The world will tell you that it is an impossible task. But you know Him Who said that "all things are possible to him that believeth."

Raising the dead will not always be an agreeable business to the natural man. Seeking the dead will carry you into strange places; and dealing with spiritual corruption will very often be a distasteful as working in a graveyard. But you do not live to please yourselves; and you will be more at home calling Lazarus from his sepulchre, loosing his grave-clothes, and handing him over to his sisters than you would be with the childish games and frivolities with which so many of Christ's followers trifle their precious lives and opportunities away. No, my comrades, you don't live for amusement in a world of death, but to raise the dead.

Raising the dead must always be an interesting work. Only think of the question man when Christ called forth from his funeral bier the widow's son, not only on the crowd that witnessed the miracle, but on the population for many a mile round

Mrs. Booth,

ASSISTED BY

Major Complin,

VISIT

Yorkville S. A. Barracks,

7:30 p.m., SUNDAY, APRIL 8th.

* the spot! Everybody wanted to see and hear about him; nothing else was talked about for days and days. It was a more interesting topic than business, or politics, or the weather, or anything else that came up. It was the absorbing theme of the hour. So go and

Raise the Drunkards and Harlots.

and dead souls of every description, and men who have come to have any faith in Jesus Christ or His followers will once more wonder about a religion that can produce such miracles.

My comrades, there is nothing better calculated to convince men of the truths we teach than resurrections from the dead. What an argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ's claim was Lazarus as he walked about! When the enemies of the Saviour could not answer the man whose eyes He had opened, how could they say anything against the claim of His Great Being whom He had shown His mastery over death by calling Lazarus from the grave? Raise the dead, my comrades. Bring out the men and women from the corrupt, stinking graves of drunkenness, brothel-dom, and every form of vice and sin. Call them out; loose their grave-clothes, and send them walking up and down the world UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENTS FOR SALVATION.

Raising the dead is a profitable business. Some people manage to make out to their own satisfaction, that killing the living is a remunerative employment. I wonder how many people there are with a very honorable and sanctified reputation in the estimation of the church and world, whose livelihood and fortunes are derived from professions and businesses, which are well-known to be destructive of men for time and eternity! They live by the murder of the bodies, and the souls of the men, women, and children, for whom Christ died.

Now, if the killing business is profitable, the making men alive will assuredly be ten thousand more times more so, for it is not a resurrection unto eternal life! And it will be profitable unto the resurrectionist also; for who can measure the reward he receives into his own bosom at the time—

The Satisfaction, the Peace, the Exaltation?

And who can measure the crown of glory which the Lord, His Master, will give him in the day of His coming?

So go to work and keep on at it; don't get tired as so many do, giving off the field to rest, never to return.

But to raise the dead must be a living and joyful work. The dead can deal with the dead, but they will leave them as dead as they found them. Only the living, and those who are very much alive—who have, as the Saviour termed it, abundant life—can raise the dead. That is a marvellous story of the Bible which tells how, that when lowering a dead man to his grave, the corpse touched the dead bones of Elisha, and started into life. There was vitality in Elisha, living or dead.

Oh, how the Holy Ghost vitalized the early disciples of Pentecost! The very touch of their garments healed and brought back life to the dead bodies of men, and their words awoke the dead slumbering souls. Oh, my comrades,

The Spirit is Life.

Be filled with the Spirit and you shall go about raising the dead.

To raise the dead you must be of good courage. It is only another form of saying that you must be full of faith. There are few scenes in the Saviour's life which command my admiration more than when I see Him stand at the mouth of the stinking tomb of Lazarus and hear him say to the man, three days dead, and already full of rotteness and worms,

"Lazarus, Come Forth!"

There was faith. With the same faith we shall command the dead souls of men to rise and walk, but not without. Have faith in God!

To raise the dead will require desperate earnestness. No other task in the world, or, perhaps, in any other world, is so impossible without it. This task requires night work, the might of body and brain and heart; and these will fail unless backed up by the omnipotent arm of God. For, no matter what has been said here by me, or by anyone else, in any other place, of yourself you can do nothing in the way of bringing life to the dead. But with him you can do all things which

Must Include Even Raising the Dead.

A GENTLEMAN once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain. "No, sir," was Dr. Abernethy's reply, "for no man with a single ounce of brain would ever think of taking snuff."

A SALVATION FROLIC

— AT —

Bowmanville.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

Crowds—War-Whoops—Sinners at the Cross—The Editor Dancing—Captain Morris Banjoing—A Regular Jubilation—A Three Sitting Banquet—Ensign Hay Smiles.

For the past three days the town of Bowmanville has been all astir celebrating our tenth anniversary.

Extraordinary efforts had been put forth by Ensign Hay to make this special occasion well known, even to the lantern views and advertisements shown from that



miniature Noah's Ark, or, "The house that Jack built."

Ten years ago the Army commenced operations in the town, and through God, has been instrumental in leading many a poor drunkard and sinner into the full



liberty of the Gospel. All through these meetings our hearts were much rejoiced to hear and see these trophies of divine grace.

Major Complin, the War Cry Editor, came down from Toronto in order to give a helping hand. On Saturday a real good crowd assembled in the barracks for a night down old time Salvation Army free and easy. Banjoing did good service. The Major's famous song, "We join 'em!"

seems to retain its originality, especially when sung by himself, and went splendid. There are great opportunities for work among the crowds of young folks who assemble in our barracks on a Saturday night here. An

Unusually Large Number

of soldiers and friends came up at seven on Sunday morning for the hallenjah breakfast, and a refreshing time to our souls it was. Brother George, who, after fifty years in the service of the devil, fell so overjoyed at what God had done for him and so full of the glory the tears had to flow. A brother sought full salvation; then we all renewed our covenant with God.

By way of a change we took a short march before the holiness meeting, which was a season of blessing to the children of God. "Whiter than the snow" was the key-note, which was sung in the spirit. After a few testimonies as to the efficacy of the Blood to cleanse and purify, and a song from Captain Morris, the Major spoke to us alive unto God in order to be the ones whom God could use. We truly felt the presence of the Master as we walked upon Him. Praise His name.

The afternoon was set apart for a few particulars as to the progress of our Social operations in this and other countries, which was very interestingly dealt with.

While the great vacuum attained, even through the many difficulties, we could not but feel the work had the sympathy of the crowd, also the smile of Almighty God. The Major has had a

Vast Opportunity

of noting the progress of our Social work in different countries, and told a heartily successful story of how a dirty old boy in



London was induced to have a bath after years of blissful ignorance of its advantage.

At night we went in for a real Salvation time. We asked God's blessing on the proceedings, then some representatives of the corps and band, who for years had been toiling on, spoke. One brother, on behalf



of the band, praised God for His goodness. His earnest desire was that the band should prove a great source of blessing, as he believed it had been in the past. Many praised God for sending the Army to Bowmanville, through whose efforts they had been led to Christ, and were now living for the salvation of others. The speakers were mostly old stand-bys, as we may be privileged to call them, who had been working away for eight and ten years. Thank God for His power to keep.

Captain Morris earnestly entreated the unweary to turn their faces toward Christ, their Redeemer. A song about mother's Bible, then with burning words of invitation, the Major impressed upon the large congregation, the importance of immediate decision for God.

The soldiers and handmen took hold well in the prayer meeting, and many were convicted by the Holy Spirit.

Our Backslider

sought and professed to find the Saviour. Drink and tobacco were his very great temptations. May God keep him true. The meeting closed with a hallenjah wind-up march round the building.

MONDAY.—My oh, my! the soldiers and friends of Bowmanville have learned to get up a banquet! Beautiful flowers decorated



the tables, and there was abundance for the crowds who filled and refilled the tables. Officers and soldiers from the various corps of the District were present, including Captains Smith, Woodman, Banks, Hamilton, Wilson, and Lieutenants Tucker and Beckett. It was indeed a happy, sociable time.

An open-air was held on the corner, although it was getting somewhat late. The crowd gathered round, and the band—

R. R.

which is a credit to the corps and town— charmed us with their music. Some sound Gospel invitations were given, then we marched to the hall.

The meeting took the form of—well, it was a sort of combination of music, travel, and salvation. While the Major acquainted

Stray Thoughts and Sayings.

BY J. H. MERRITT.

What a cunning devil the devil has to deal with, anyway. And on the other hand, what powerful weapons God has provided us with, if we only take the trouble to learn the use of them. I am satisfied, that in the Word of God can be found a promise to meet every need, a power to resist every temptation, a balm to heal every wound, and to soothe every sorrow: in fact, therein may we have all our needs supplied.

It is true, too, that the devil is fully alive to the great power of the Word of God, and he, therefore, makes all the capital possible out of the promise, taking care to prevent their true meaning, or to misapply them. It matters not to him by what means a soul is overthrown, and he knows full well that every promise of God is subject to certain conditions, a compliance with which, is essential to God's fulfillment of the same. If, then, the devil can get a soul to disregard these conditions, and at the same time put his dependence upon the promise, he is well aware that such a soul's hopes are false, and his destruction certain.

In illustration of this idea, we can take temptation of Christ in the wilderness, and we have there an example of misapplied promise.

In the first place, the tempter came to Christ, and appealed to Him through His

truth of the same. Christ therefore replied: "It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God."

And what a powerful lesson is taught in this answer: "THOU SHALT NOT TEMPT THE LORD THY GOD." I fear that herein lies the secret of the downfall and shipwreck of many a good soldier of Christ. The devil has taken them up into a high pinnacle of self-esteem or popular favor. They know what slaves to sin they used to be, they realize the wonderful change that has taken place; they see how easily old habits are conquered, and former besetments overcome, and this all tends to make them over-confident. Then the devil persuades them to tempt God by tampering just a little with some of the old idols—as, for instance, one glass of beer, a pipe or tobacco, or a chew, the company of old chums, or some such thing—and they cast themselves down. Of course, God's promise does not apply in such a case, and ruin and misery is the inevitable result. Comrades, do not tempt the Lord by going where you should not go, or doing what you should not do, else great will be the fall, and the angels to bear you up will be found missing.

A lost traveller was perishing in the desert. He discovered a small bag lying on the sand. Snipping down from his camel, he seized it eagerly and tore it open, hoping to find dates or water. "God pity me!" he cried, "it is only pearls." The world is starving. It cannot be fed with rainbows or bird music, flowers or pinks. It must have bread from heaven and the water from the Rock.

Mrs. Booth MAJOR COMPLIN YORKVILLE S. A. Barracks SUNDAY, APRIL 8th 7:30 p. m.

natural appetite. "If Thou be the Son of God," He commanded that these stones be made bread." The devil knew Christ was hungry, and he therefore took advantage of this fact to tempt Him to use His God-given power for His own gratification. But Christ was equal to the temptation, and He met it with another promise: "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." This answer implied in the first sense, that when the will of God was such that it necessitated a person going hungry, then it was wrong to thwart the purposes of God for the sake of satisfying one's own cravings. In the second place, if God has given us power to work miracles, or entrusted to us gifts superior to our fellow-creatures, then we are responsible to Him for the use of such to His glory, and not our own gain or benefit alone.

Having failed in his first attempt, the devil tried another scheme. In this case, he tempted Christ to commit an act, which was both contrary to reason, and opposed to the true spirit of the promise, he quoted: "If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down: for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee: and in their hands they shall bear Thee up, lest at any time Thou dash Thy foot against a stone." Now, Christ knew, as any ordinary, sensible man even might know, that to throw himself from a pinnacle of a temple, would be the act of a fool or maniac, and God would not be responsible for the result. If Christ had fallen accidentally, or while in the discharge of duty, then He might have claimed the promise, and God would surely have fulfilled it; but to do as the devil suggested, would be a false way of proving the

Grace-Before-Meat and Auxiliary Settings.



"The time for the singing of birds draweth nigh." Hallelujah for the spring-time! The ground, covered so long by the frost, has lost its overcoat, and now the genial sun will do its work.

The money lying dormant so long in the Grace-Before-Meat boxes is at last to come out, to be used in practical service in the interests of the Social Work.

Agents will call upon all box-holders who received their box previous to the 1st of March, 1894, during the first part of the month of April.

A good report. Some of our readers will

Real Religion

remember, reference being made to the fact, that

A Board of Guardians

In England gave permission for a number of the inmates of their poor-houses to be transferred to the Army's Farm Colony at Hadleigh. The Committee of Inspection appointed by the guardians have reported that these men are making most satisfactory progress. They were pleased with the arrangements made for the men's work and maintenance in every respect. The experiment has, therefore, answered the anticipations that were formed, and other Boards of Guardians are already taking active steps for many to be transferred from their poor-houses to the Farm Colony. So the old chariot rolls along.

The position of the Army at the time our last annual, a "Year of Grace," was issued, shows that we have

Throughout the World

10,791 officers. In connection with the Social Work, 48 Rescue Homes, 64 Slum posts, 12 Prison Gate Brigades, 21 Food Depots, 32 Shelters, 17 Factories, 17 Labor Bureaus, and 6 Farms, with 1,046 persons engaged in the management of these Social Agencies.

Very good, but how about Canada? How does this sound? Seven Rescue Homes, namely: at Toronto, London, Victoria, Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, and Halifax; a Children's Shelter and a Women's Shelter in Toronto, separate institutions; three Food and Shelter Depots, at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax; Prison Gate Home, Coal and Wood Yard (with branch office) in Toronto, and an Employment Bureau in Toronto, with several

New Ventures

about to be launched in various parts of the Dominion. Look at the following recorded figures, shout hallelujah, and send a donation to the Commandant, or write for a Grace-before-Meat box:—

Number of meals supplied at the Toronto Shelter, for week ending March 16th, 756; beds, 323; total meals up to date from opening, 39,610; beds, 20,798.

Montreal shelter, week ending March 9th: Meals, 1,808; beds, 477; up to date from opening, meals, 49,227; beds, 13,374.

Auxiliaries and others are reminded that they can do great service to the Army's work by taking a Grace-before-Meat Missionary box. Misery and want exists in our midst. The numerous Social ventures in Canada should stand as monumental reminders that many of our fellow creatures are down in the social scale, struggling from day to day for a bit of bread, or some kind of roof to cover them, or wrestling with

A Network of Vice.

trying to escape being ensnared further and carried on to final destruction.

To such the Salvation Army extends a helping hand. Heartily we invite you, reader, to co-operate with us in stemming the rising torrent of misery and sin, and helping us to pull many out of the fire of affliction and the maelstrom of vice by taking a Grace-before-Meat box, into which yourself and friends, from time to time, can drop a coin, or bill. Then when your box is opened at the authorized time, which takes place every three months, in January, April, July, and October, it, together with the many others we have scattered round the Dominion, will bring about a substantial



increase in the funds of the Social Scheme, thus helping the Commandant and Mrs. Booth

To Successfully Finance

the various Homes. If you have not got a box, kindly see the officer in charge of the work of the Salvation Army in your vicinity, or send a post card, containing request for



HE JOIN 'EM

us with the work in various parts of the world, and the vast opportunities presented to the Salvation Army, we were led to again praise God for this glorious movement. There were solos, of course, accompanied by the banjos, and no doubt, "It's



"That's Army you know"

Army, you know," will be remembered as a special feature.

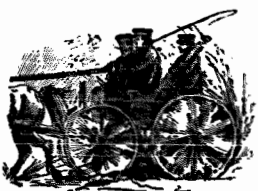
It was quite late, but we wound up solid, giving sinners every possible chance of seeking salvation.

In the red-hot prayer meeting, we were amply repaid for the efforts put forth, with the joy of seeing

One—Two—Three—Four,

kneeling at the penitent-form for mercy. Glory be to God.

The special work detailed to us, must be attended to, so at five o'clock next morning, the Major and Captain made their way to the depot at full pace in the Dis-trict war chariot; and, oh, that mud! It



"MUD!!!"

sticked closer than a brother. The citizens of Toronto knew right well we had just returned from the country. When we left Bowmanville, a large fire was raging, and was not subdued until much damage had been done.

We enjoyed the hospitality of our friends, Brother and Sister Fries, and everybody was exceedingly kind. We left, praying God would give Eugene and Mrs. Hay, and Lieutenant Mountenay, many glorious victories.

We must not forget that dear, young man whom we tried to cheer and help on his sick-bed, and earnestly pray for his salvation. A great many are holding him up before a Throne of Grace, and our readers who are saved, we are sure will do likewise.

TRUMPETER.

It is hard to find a good excuse for the use of tobacco.

R. R.

box, with full address, to Commandant H. H. Booth, Salvation Army Temple, Toronto, Ontario.

Our Auxiliary roll, the membership fee of which is five dollars a year, is not increasing so rapidly as it might, and there are still a number who have not renewed their subscription fee since due. A member of the League secures four advantages upon joining. 1st. He, while not acting as a soldier, becomes directly connected with us. 2nd. Receives full information regarding our work, and thus is in a position to help us indirectly by spreading information concerning our movement.

Amongst His Friends.

3rd. Receives a copy, weekly, of any one of our *War Cry*, or *All the World*, *National Salvationist*, *Deliverer*, or *Conqueror*. 4th. He becomes direct contributor to our funds; the money, over and above the cost of sending and paying for the periodical, being devoted to the support of the branches of our spiritual work.

True, one Auxiliary fee is not much of a help, but then one hundred are. If you cannot send the Commandant a few hundred, you perhaps can send five dollars per annum, and help to swell the number belonging to our Auxiliary League.

ADJUTANT MILLER.

Napanea.

Brigadier Scott, Staff Captain Sharp, and Lieutenant Morris boarded a train which eventually landed them at their destination—Napanea.

This was the town where a two days' fight with the powers of darkness was to be waged. The march, which preceded the meeting, was a novel one, under the oversight of Brigadier Scott and Staff Captain Sharp. The Brigadier took one detachment, who marched to the music of his concertina and the song of the blood-washed, while Staff Captain Sharp did likewise, with the assistance of the cornet of Lieutenant Morris. The different brigades were put through their drill, singing like troops at the same time. We first made the figure 8, then formed in one straight body right across the street; marched round and round a certain spot, then the two contingents crossed each other, making the letter "X," which all had its effect in attracting the indifferent and resulting in our having gained their attention when we ultimately came to a standstill on the corner of a suitable street.

The sword of the Spirit was used with force. A short march brought us to our barracks. A fine crowd had assembled. We continued the attack. The Brigadier and Staff Captain Sharp spoke in turn, as well as the burning experiences given by the soldiers, while Lieutenant Morris intervened with solos, assisted by his troops. So the meeting passed on, being interesting as well as impressive.

Knee-drill was a refreshing time to the good souls who presented themselves at the Lord's banqueting table for the spiritual food which was to give them strength to fight the battles before them.

The holiness meeting was equally good, and at the close we had the joy of witnessing a few souls making a more complete surrender to the claims of God.

The march, headed by cornet and concertina, made its way to a good stand in the afternoon, when, with song and cantory, a further attack was made on the devil and sin.

The inside meeting which followed was productive of much good. The officers and soldiers pitched in, burning truths falling from their lips, and also a good few solos and choruses were sung.

The subject for the night meeting was announced—"The Coronation in the Palace, the Death Letter, or the Murder of the King."

After a good open-air outside, we went into the meeting hall of the station. A good old-timer was sung to off with, and a few more very similar followed while we were on our knees. We felt God was there.

"Will you go?"

was one, which was taken up heartily. Staff Captain Sharp tackled the subject announced, and as he spoke it seemed as though the sinner was held spell-bound, and our faith ran high for a mighty break. Lieutenant Morris was then called upon, followed by Captain Cameron, who both made an earnest appeal to the godless, when the Brigadier rose to pull in the net. The meeting was long, and for some time burning truths fell from his lips. The prayer meeting was gone into; soldiers prayed and pleaded with God to save, and were rewarded by seeing one make a break.

Thus, the last of the series, was brought to a close, with the feeling prevailing that the meetings had had success and something lasting had been done for the cause of God and right.—BLOT.

Montreal II.

Prayer God for victory. Souls are getting converted; our crowds are increasing; God's work is prospering, and we are believing for a real old-time revival. Hallelujah! We are going in to pull down the devil's kingdom. We are sure to conquer if we fight for God.—W. F. GIBBARD, of Q.

THE ALL-NIGHT

—AT—

Toronto Temple.

"The fulness of His blood cleanseth every way."
The fulness of His presence cleanseth every rising day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love.

It was to further in each person such an experience as that depicted in the foregoing lines that at 10:30 p.m. on the night of Good Friday we met together for what afterwards proved to be one of the best sustained and most edifying all nights of prayer it has been our privilege to attend.

Throughout the Day

Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, with a big company of staff and field officers, backed up by various regiments of the King's army, had marched together and sustained the attack. The troops were consequently already flushed with victory when Commandant and Mrs. Booth and Headquarters' Staff, arrived.

Brigadier de Barritt

is distinctly "on the job." He and his helpers had the large space reserved for the battle curtailed off. Instructions were also issued that the meeting was to be unbroken by any person leaving before the close. The management was all that could be desired, and it was a magnificent number who stayed through the all-night.

It was easy to tell by the spiritual atmosphere that we were to be privileged with an unusually good time. Backsliders received many pungent thrusts.

"You are in the Dark."

said Commandant, "because you have left God. No matter what were the circumstances—(I don't want to know)—the darkness is the result of the absence of the Lord. Mary said, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died,' and you say, 'Lord, if Thou hadst been there, I had not slipped.' Tonight He is coming here to you again. Sing it—"

"Jesus now is passing by,
I'll go out to meet Him."

The Commandant gave out the line—

"Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,
then broke into application. "Come quickly; we want Thee; show us what dost hinder."

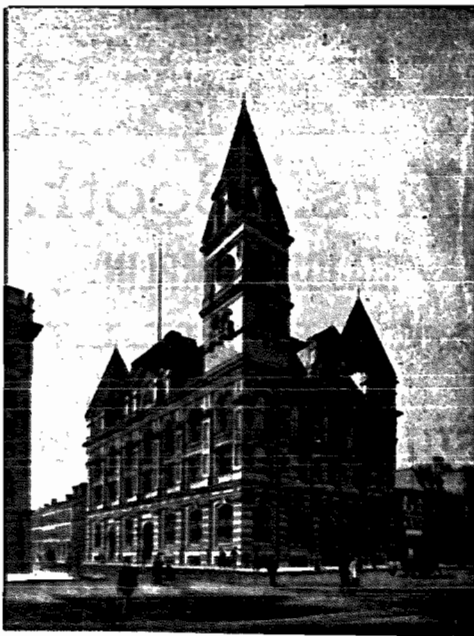
"Let us," continued our leader, "spend this all-night as if it were our last on earth. God forbid we should go through as if it were a Farce."

If that Book (pointing to a Bible) is not merely such a book as Shakespeare or Macaulay's essays, if it is God's Word, He is near. Believe it for yourself.

Brigadier de Barritt, prayed with great power. "We have nothing to gain," he said, "in covering our sin or hiding the lingering evil that would take us with faltering steps along life's way; oh, may wounded hearts be healed to-night." (Amen.)

Mrs. Streeton

also prayed, while the crowd eyes and upturned



POST OFFICE, HAMILTON.

The Commandant

led us off with singing on our knees—

"He with that I should holy be,
That holiness I long to feel," etc.

The voices were lined out and repeated by the crowd, then followed strains of holy song, organs and cornets assisting.

Staff-Captain Friedrich thanked God for the cleansing blood—proved so in his own experience—and that. "Thou art the same to-night. If every soul struggling here for life and liberty find it is to-night."

"Four Thy Spirit,"

next rang out.

"There is no hurry," said the Commandant. "One of the best features of an all-night is the opportunity to take time to contemplate the uttermost salvation of Jesus. Think of that blood poured out so freely—say 'freely'—[FREELY,] cried many a hearty voice for saint, sinner and backslider. Hallelujah! Let us then be serious and solemn; let us bring our little minds down to the consideration of the greatest subject of thought in the world—the dying of Jesus."

"Four Thy Spirit,"

again sounded.

"Backslider, sing it," said the Commandant; "your feet are slipping; you are almost gone; but God is here to arrest and save you."

ENNIS COWAN prayed in low, earnest tones. The Ensign had been believing a long time for something unusual from God. "Let it occur to-night." (Amen.)

BRIGADIER HOLLAND prayed with a melted feeling that God's Word might that night run and be glorified.

faces of the devout worshippers told how hearts' highest aspirations were being voiced and presented before the Mediatorial Throne.

Brigadier de Barritt read from 12th chapter Hebrews, describing the "cloud of witnesses" as those who in the past had conquered. We were to run, looking unto Jesus—not to try in our own strength. John Wesley when a child was saved from a burning house; Susannah, his mother, concluded God designed him for some great work, and brought him up accordingly. We have been similarly saved from

Hell-Fire,

and designed for a great work for God.

"What is the beating sin?" It is that sin which prevails over you most and which you are the least disposed to renounce. Like Jacob, many say, "You may take Simon, Judah; in fact, you may take them all, but I cannot let Benjamin go." But you will have to let Benjamin go if you are to be fully sanctified.

The main truth which the Commandant turned round, and by Divine leading, carved into heart and conscience, was contained in the statement, "Be not deceived,

God

is not mocked, for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap."

Sin is deceitful enough to deceive the very old. God says, "Be not deceived. Do not go to bed through folly. Do not permit yourself to be."

Chancelled

out of your soul's salvation. God says, "Search Me." No man is safe unless he goes through life with that prayer. All sin, big

and little, so called, is the same at root, and that blatant sin that wrecks it, may be in the lockup, or sell its virtue for a bit of gold, is not the most dangerous; such sin shows sin's true nature, and acts as a danger-signal. The most dangerous is the hidden sin, a specious, nice looking sin, concealed pending under a Salvation Army

Germany.

that is worse than the sin that lies in the breast of that poor drunkard who can be now to the door of this meeting, with his arm in Brigadier Holland's. Do not permit it because it is hidden. It is a ghastly thing. Lord help us to see sin as Thou dost, Amen. Death is here. Hideous under all circumstances. It is corruption and sin, it only to carry to the grave, whether contained in an old

Chorus

box, and hurried to a pauper's grave, or surrounded with fragrant flowers and music and upbushery. In the Bible, sin is death. Sin is what death is. It means corruption, sin, decay, and being found out at last. A horrible thing before God. Therefore, if there any sin in your heart, it is as virulent and as dangerous as death. Do not shut it, but have it removed.

Are You Ungrateful?

If so, you are ungrateful. A man who without desire to pray, is not thankful. Any man walking close to God has a debt to pay.

Are You Unwatchful?

The unwatchful man is not fully sanctified.

If Unforgiving,

you may be sure you are without perfect love. If you bear a

Grudge

against anyone, you are not right. You are never get into heaven with a grudge in your heart. "Ah," perhaps you say, "I treated me wrongfully, unjustly." Well, supposing he did, you are still to forgive him, even a Christ also forgave you.

If you are

Self-Opinionated.

If you say "This brain of mine is the repository of all wit and wisdom," and carry yourself with air of self-consequence, instead of being kind and courteous; that is not sanctification. Jesus Christ gave us the greatest evidence of His Divinity when standing before that howling mob and those accusing Pharisees, able to crush them all He yet was the very embodiment of meekness.

If you are

Dressy, Proud,

endeavouring to be prettier than God made you, a lover of tinsel, you exhibit the lack of full salvation.

If you harbour

Unclean

thoughts and desires you are not right. How can the blessing of purity be enjoyed by them who use anything God has given them for ill purpose so as to defile that service?

If you are

Unconcerned,

you once had a heart of concern for sinners, now the tide has retired and left you high and dry on the beach, in such a condition you may be sure the Lord Jesus has left you in the blessed state of full salvation.

These searching remarks of the Commandant were followed by the singing of the song commencing

"Now search me and try me, oh God!"

Major and Mrs. Reed were then introduced in warmly affectionate terms to the audience, and gave beautiful testimonies.

Mrs. Booth followed in her usual bright, enthusiastic way, and the people being as usual thoroughly in rapport. We were not favored with a song. That was a disappointment, for how many blessings have been waited for our souls on the rich sweetness of that voice—rich in soul as well as in harmony. But Mrs. Booth spoke as sin always does, straight to the very heart; she spoke with her face, with her very person, as well as with her voice. Christ and His revealed love, His love to the utmost, was her theme.

Oh, could He not, if He had no sin, have accomplished all He did—lived, no blind, doing good, healed the sick, cured the dumb, raised the dead—and yet did a natural death? Could He not have redeemed us without going to such extremes of physical agony? Why then the grove cry? It is not only that we were saved by His death, but even by His suffering! He suffered as much as He could in order that thereby His love might be proved. Will you thus set to prove your love to Him and to those He came to save?

It was a question that stirred the deep feelings of our hearts, and God helped us to respond to it.

A magnificent prayer-meeting was well fought out. The night was most exciting. Angels no doubt rejoiced, certainly we were utterly discomfited. The soldiers were out dashed with a good while mostly sin and stalwart of physique, then some came till there was a glorious crowd and the joy was full. I couldn't tell how many but a large number, the congregation being very much thinned, To God be the glory.

The Commandant at Hamilton!

A CAMPAIGN OF EIGHT MEETINGS, BESIDES OPEN-AIR ATTACKS!

TREMENDOUS CROWDS ATTEND!

A Three-Sittings' Marriage Banquet!

MAJOR AND MRS. MORRIS RECEIVED WITH STORMS OF APPLAUSE!

The Commandant Ties the Knot.

THREE CHEERS FOR HAMILTON!

No country need be ashamed of a city like Hamilton. There is a massiveness, and evidence of enterprise in its magnificent, public buildings, quite surprising. Among its

50,000

inhabitants, is a large proportion of the town's working class. "Just our sort."

Hamilton Salvationism, both resident and visiting, was focused at the No. 11 barracks, on Saturday night, where, with a full-to-the-door attendance, a hallojah

Melee

was indulged in. Staff-Captain Jewer was the essence of good humor; the Hamilton I. handmaster, was well sustained in leading testimony; Staff-Captain Streeton's neat speech excited ripples of laughter everywhere. The wind-up of the meeting was happy, straight, and right to the point. The knee drill on Easter Sunday morning, was vision, heart, hand, and foot drill, too. There was

Dancing,

shouting, clapping, leaping, praising, and praying.

10:30 Open-Air

conducted by Commandant in novel style. Atmosphere too cold to stay under time, although a few listened, and passed by stayed to hear.

11 A. M.

Hall just packed full; as many more seats introduced as possible, still people left standing. Very excellent number of persons for a 11 A. M. meeting.

Brigadier Holland lines out the first song; old favorite—

"Step out on the promise,
Out under the blood."

Staff-Captain Jewer, with fair and flourish, prays that the meeting may be a blessed, glorious, soul-saving session; then Commandant sings, plays and prays alternately.

"The heavenly gates are blowing,
The cleansing 'an is flowing,
Beneath the waves it's going,
Hallojah, praise the Lord!"

is the song of the morning. It is sung from the Easter War Cry, which has gained such golden opinions from staff, field and soldiery.

Brigadier Holland

reads the lesson:

"There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit, for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death," etc.

Re Soap.

The Brigadier declared God had provided grace sufficient though we are prone to fall. "He is able." If we have God in us as the Commander of us, God will make our religion successful as well to others. We must be such characters as adorn the Gospel of Christ.

A man once called at a store with a certain soap for sale, guaranteed to remove all stains of whatever kind from clothes; he himself was stained garments.

"It will remove any stain, sir," said the would-be salesman.

"I don't believe it," sharply retorted the customer; "your own clothes are stained."



*Your faithful
Philip*

go and clean them with your soap before you recommend it to me."

God will pass by clever people to use those who are clean.

Captain Griffith sang distinctly,

"Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
And thou, too, shalt be free!"

Commandant said last six weeks had been a most trying time, but that it had been six weeks of most glorious victory. He apologized for someone's mistake in announcing Mrs. Booth for these meetings, regretted Mrs. Booth was compelled after a good deal of haste to watch sick baby; in fact, "not all the king's horses and all the king's men" could bring her away from the little one's side when her duty called her there.

The Commandant,

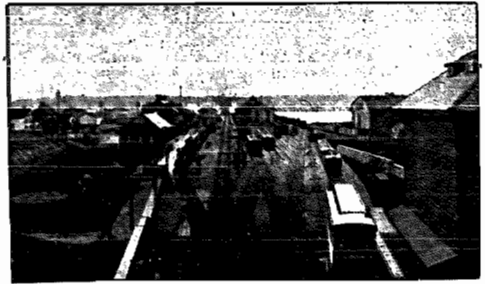
in his address, explained that a clean heart is the fruit of true religion in the soul. If a

man step short of a clean heart he is not realizing the deliverance from sin that Jesus procured for him on Calvary. Christ convicts to convert, and converts in order to sanctify. Getting into heaven is like going into a mansion with three steps; the first step is conviction; second, conversion; third, holiness; the top step admits inside, but "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

These things are the A. B. C. of Salvationism. We must not get away from them. They must run through all our activities. As the most learned treatise reaching the topmost heights of genius, has the A. B. C. as its foundation, upon which all the rest is built, so must these foundation truths of our Christianity run through all the rest of our

Christian Superstructure.

There are surprisingly many, alas, who forget this, and imagine they have a clean heart, while they are guilty of robbing their



GRAND TRUNK DEPOT, HAMILTON.

Colonel right off. The doctor dropped into the new function as if to the manner born.

The Commandant gave a long, and most interesting record of all the Army is doing for the fallen of mankind, which held the great audience for fully an hour. Much good was done by this story of marvels, and by the expressions of pleasure and surprise given by many afterwards, it is safe to say numerous friends were made, and many doubts dispelled.

At the invitation of the Rev. Dr. Philp, the Commandant addressed the congregation of the Wesley Methodist Church, Hamilton, on Sunday evening. The church itself is a large, airy one, built after the old-fashioned plan, and it might be said that on this occasion it was crowded from floor to ceiling.

In introducing the Commandant, the Reverend Doctor said that it was with no small amount of pleasure that he and his congregation welcomed the Commandant to their church. "The name of 'Booth,'" said he, "is an household one, and will ever remain associated with the great work which, under God's blessing, its founder had raised up, and next to the General himself, there was no member of the Army whom they were more pleased to see than the Commandant." From the silent nodding of the head and kindly expression of the countenances of the congregation, it was easily seen how far the pastor voiced their sentiments.

The Commandant's address was an Easter one throughout. His remarks were based on the resurrection of Jesus, and explained, in a most practical way, on as to what the case of the sinner, the backslider, and the saint.

The congregation listened most attentively throughout, and from the remarks we have heard since, it is evident the Commandant will get a hearty welcome if he ever attends Wesley Church again.

In the Evening

a grand audience assembled. Oh, the opportunity to work for God at Hamilton! What a privilege to be a soldier of such a corps, with an every night opportunity, indoors and out, to tell of Jesus' love to listening crowds!

Captain Griffith sang the old, but very beautiful song—

Sinner, poor sinner, to Jesus come home,
He'll give us love calling for thee;
No longer delay, but come while you may,
The saved and the happy to be.

Your days swiftly fly, and soon you must die,
And then the dread judgment will come;
It is time to call, on the mountains to fall,
And bid you from Him on the throne;

Come home,
Poor sinner, to Jesus come home.

There was a speedy disposal of War Crys when the Band played

Mrs. Booth's

new song.

The Commandant gave a fine address on the story of the two men who sat by the wayside begging.

The story has comprised in it the whole of the Gospel of Christ. The book in which the story is written is valuable above other works in that it embodies certain eternal principles.

Beginning with "Behold," which implies something particularly worth noticing, the Commandant expounded and expounded point after point of the story so as to disclose the great spiritual verities underlying the literal reading.

A break occurred at the close of the meeting in making arrangements for the prayer-meeting, but a magnificent fight was engaged in by the soldiery present. One from amongst the many unconverted present, after much resistance yielded, as we have every reason to believe, a full surrender to Jesus.

Soldiers' councils were conducted by the Commandant in the morning and afternoon of

Monday.

Very blessed sessions too they were. There were seekers at the front too at both meetings.

Some of the testimonies given by soldiers and officers were beautifully expressive of the glorious reality of the salvation of the Lord Jesus.

Said one comrade: "I have a salvation that is full of light." Another, "The Lord has cast out all the

Lost Spirits

from my soul." Charlie Mason, the Treasurer

(Continued on page 12.)

PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY, For the Hellness Meeting at the Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, Friday Evening.

La Marechale.

BY FRANCIS E. WILLARD.

Whoever brings charm of person, voice,

or manner to the service of God and humanity has brought a double blessing.

"Through the eye to the heart" is an airline road; if "the man wonderful" dwells in a "some beautiful" no much the better, provided always that his gifts are laid on the white altar where glows the fire of heavenly love.



I thought of all these things yesterday, among the fair hills of Switzerland. I looked upon and listened to "La Marechale." She is the eldest daughter of the great and holy woman Catherine Booth, "Mother of the Salvation Army," and inherits, it is said, beyond any other of the endowed and consecrated right children of the General and Mrs. Booth, their special gifts, graces, and grace. She may be thirty-five years old, but although the mother of five lovely children, she seems but twenty-five or thereabouts. Edward Clifford, the well-known London artist and Christian worker, painted her portrait for the Royal Academy Exhibition and gave it to her mother. "La Marechale" was certainly a charming subject. Her parents had marked physical advantages which she inherits in accentuated form. She is tall, like her father, and of erect and graceful bearing. She has a countenance full of strength, sweetness, and light; fair brown hair, soft and abundant, with a chestnut tinge, plaited behind and without crimps or puff, lying in waves around her delicate face, with its sweet tender mouth, frank grey-blue eyes, pencilled eye-brows, a regal Roman nose, brilliant complexion, thoughtful forehead, and smile as sweet as summer. Dense hair, cuddled up against her mother, was Evangelina, her eldest little girl, five years of age, and around and in the little cottage sleeping-room adjoining were her three boys and another girl, the baby being a month old. Her husband, Arthur Booth-Clifford, was absent, but we attended an orchard-meeting conducted by him last Sunday, and he is for a man as handsome and every way attractive as she is for a woman. To say the truth, we never met a young pair more ideally fitted, or more righteously fond of one another. La Marechale cannot say enough of his goodness and gifts. As she handed us books and brochures of his, she said repeatedly with kindling glance "Have you read this? It is so good. You've no idea what a success my husband's books have made." We did not doubt it, but we knew what a success she was. Going to Paris at twenty-two, with hardly any knowledge of French, she made herself mistress of the language, and her addresses in it were attended by the most cultivated Parisians, while her books, like those of her husband, have had a remarkably large sale in France and Switzerland, as well as in Russia, Armenia, and other distant lands. These two young people are at the head of the Army in France and Switzerland, and as all Christians know, have served and suffered as few others in our day have had the opportunity to do for Christ and His cause. La Marechale's career already fulfils her father's prophecy that women will, if left free in their action, develop administrative powers fully equal and oftentimes superior to those of men.

In our conversation of an hour she referred constantly to the sayings and doings of her mother even after this order: "She was honest-hearted before God and men, she never blinked the truth for anybody; there is but little plain dealing even among Christian people, and as a matter of course it is altogether unknown in fashionable life. But mother wounded only that she might heal, and always began by telling a person every good thing she could think of that he had done, thus preparing him for the statement of his vanity, his selfishness, or his habit of turning to the cause and to his character. In her presence one felt that more appearance of goodness all went for nothing; one knew that she was saying if it were true, 'You have not a single eye to God's glory, you are not spiritual, your presence lowers the temperature.' But she made each soul feel that she was a loving sister to him or her, and she proved this in the only way that people will receive it nowdays, when profession so often masks performance, by found herself in front of an audience of destitute souls, she conquered. And what

each other; if we said to the person himself what we retell to others about him, how it would change the outlook of the world for those from whom the world has reason to expect golden-rule conduct." Referring to the Army officers, La Marechale said, "Our officers are heroic; when I came up here and could not go out for a while into active service, I wrote several hundred letters to them from my bed, and if I could show you the replies that have come you would think as one has said, that they read like a new 'Acts of the Apostles.' I write letters for hours together, sometimes lying down, and have had remarkable answers to prayer for money, for I began my work in France on the principle of 'no debt,' and therefore a very extensive correspondence is necessary in order to obtain the requisite financial aid." For nine years not a penny was received for the work in France or Switzerland, except as La Marechale and those associated with her begged for it.

Though collecting some 25,000 dollars a year for the work, Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Clifford commenced their married life in a flat of three rooms with an annual rent of 150 dollars. Their present home in Paris is a small flat on a fifth story.

Six hundred evangelistic workers, including the "local" leaders, are under their care; raised up from the ranks, they were mostly infidels, worldlings, or Catholics. "The officers here are raised from

multitudes of young women have been inspired to follow in her steps, including her own precious sisters!

I asked this beautiful woman what led her to an undertaking so stupendous as the effort to evangelize the masses in France; that country that derides the mania of a comic Bible and child suicide. She said that as a child at school studying its history, she learnt to pity France from the bottom of her heart, and subsequently her father designated her for this mission. It had been said by a leading Indian officer, "Give me two Bombays before one Paris," regarding that city as far worse than India because so steeped in infidelity. She lady had a special liking for the French language. "I love France," said she to me, with sparkling eyes; "France makes me official profession of religion, while England, which engraves texts of Scripture on her public buildings and opens her Houses of Parliament every day with prayer, yet fastens the opium curse, the drink traffic, and legalize vice upon her colonies. Early rising and industry are national characteristics of the French. They are a kind warm-hearted people—gushing if you please. France is a great and wonderful country, and I love its people every bit as well as I ever loved my own. I have become familiar with the peasants in the provinces; have sat down with the French women who chatter about in sabots; have

the general theme, "What Religion will suit France?" This seemed to strike a popular key-note, and rows upon rows of seats in the hall where she held her meetings were occupied by leading men and deputies from the Corps Legislatif, who sometimes remained from four till seven o'clock. She asked and answered questions, "Will a and religion suit France?" "Will a materialistic religion?" "Will a fatalistic religion?"

The scene again changes, and this time we find her in the South of France. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole city is moved. The Casino hall is crowded in the evening, and—eight or ten—four to five hundred people hurry to the seven o'clock morning prayer meeting. A circle of what are called "Orthodox Catholics" become very indignant. Miss Booth was urged to meet them. But little did she dream what a storm was awaiting her. The unallowance of women's ministry, the impossibility of true holiness, were urged with a hot and irritated spirit, which appalled her and Major Bissan, her helper. As each cutting thing was said, ladies with faces red with excitement, clapped their

"Go home to your mother!" cried one lady.

"It is indecent for women to speak before men," said the principal lady opponent, forgetting she was speaking before men herself, many pastors being present.

"But," answered Miss Booth, "there is no sex in soul, the true girl prophesies when preaching forgets the shell, the envelope, the body; however low the poor creature may have fallen, she sees but the immortal soul which needs, as did her own soul, pardon and purity."

Then the blast of the onslaught turned upon holiness.

"Let him or her who is without sin stand up and say so," said one.

Miss Booth replied calmly, "You see the young child but to kill it—nevertheless, I will ask my comrades here to give his testimony."

Major Bissan (now in heaven) then rose, and with childlike simplicity testified to heart-purity. Miss Booth followed. The storm only grew worse, and, having vainly tried to speak, she commenced to pray. The Spirit of the Lord worked mightily; many were in tears at the close. One lady went home and gave her heart to God that night.

The next morning a deputation waited on Miss Booth to apologize, saying they were deeply grieved at the spirit manifested by the townspeople, and next morning among those sobbing at the "pains-form" (or anxious seat, as we say in America) was one of the pastor's wife who had attacked her the most hotly. This lady went home, asked pardon of the two Salvationist servants whom she had treated with anything but charity, and confessed to them her wrong. One of them bowed in her turn a "prophesies," and was many souls to God.

When La Marechale and her associates arrived in that town they had fourpence, which they had gained by selling her mother's leaflets. They lived chiefly on potatoes; but after her visit the tide changed.

The Salvationists have now three halls in that city and three at Lyons. At another place a Russian princess was converted, and when we were in Switzerland we learned that this lady, while standing at the door at a meeting in Vevey calling Salvationist literature, had her bonnet torn from her head and was roughly kicked by a Swiss peasant, to which indignity she paid no attention whatever, but put on her bonnet and pursued her avocation. The lower class of Swiss people seem to be remarkably rude, crude, and almost evil. In the orchard meeting to which I have referred, held by Commissioner Booth-Clifford (the husband of La Marechale), and attended by Lady Henry Somerset in person, the conduct of the boorish young men present exceeded anything that we had ever witnessed. They took the sheet containing the hymns, rolled it up, lit it, and smoked in the face of the president. They talked out loud to him and to each other, and during his most tender appeals turned their backs squarely upon him with jeers and laughter. When the Salvation Army women came to take the collection they dropped in greasy cards or stacks of cigars. It did my heart good to see the editor of a leading paper in that locality was present, and that he got the names of every one of those young ruffians and published them, with a sound ringing drubbing in the next issue of his paper.

It is thrilling to hear an account of the experiences of La Marechale when she came to Switzerland some ten years ago. So great a sensation was created in Gen-

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!

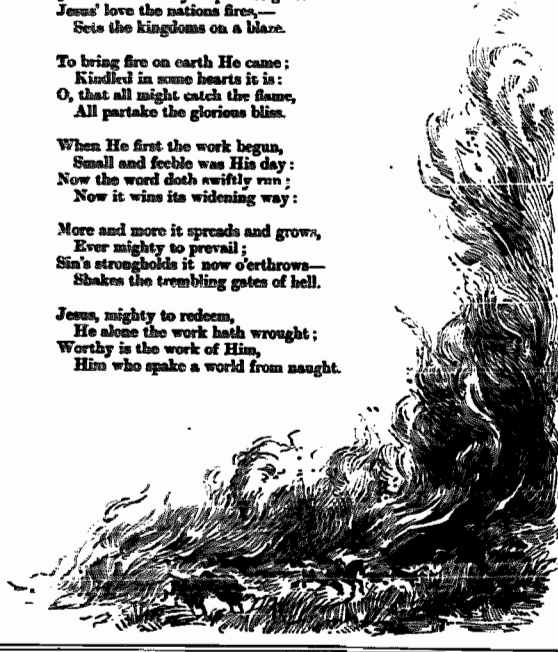
Jesus' love the nations fire,—
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

To bring fire on earth He came;
Kindled in some hearts it is:
O, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.

When He first the work began,
Small and feeble was His day:
Now the word doth swiftly run;
Now it wins its widening way:

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail;
Sin's strongholds it now overthrow—
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Jesus, mighty to redeem,
He alone the work hath wrought;
Worthy is the work of Him,
Him who spake a world from naught.



among the people, they have left their places as artisans, and cut in their lot and take their chance with the rest of us," said La Marechale. "They know they will get their clothes and 'bread and cheese' but nothing superfluous. We tell them that so far as the best and happiest life is concerned, there is one thing needful, 'Seek first the Kingdom,' and then the necessary shall be provided."

Miss Booth commenced public work when only fourteen years of age, driven to it by an irresistible urge of divine love after she had received a remarkable baptism of the Spirit. It was at that time a thing almost unknown for a young woman (and how much more a child) to stand up to speak in public in England. The prejudice against any woman speaking before a mixed audience was very great, as her devoted mother had proved. Added to this, Miss Booth was of a very timid and retiring nature, and a curvature of the spine which often obliged her to lie on her back the greater part of the day opposed a physical obstacle to great efforts in public. But the trait which has most marked her career—heroic courage and self-forgetfulness—enabled her to trample all these difficulties under her feet. True to the training and example of her parents, the moment she found herself in front of an audience of destitute souls, she conquered. And what

shared their chestnuts with them, heard of their sorrows as well as their joys, and believe me, the human heart is just the same in France as it is everywhere, and if you should classify the minds whose histories have come down to us, France would occupy the front rank. A nation that has produced a Leonardo, a Pascal, a Fenelon, and a Madame Guyon does not lack the germs of spiritual life."

When La Marechale opened the batteries of the Salvation Army on the Parisians, it seemed a forlorn hope. In her little hall at the bottom of an immense in one of the roughest quarters of the city, the worst elements congregated, and it was amidst a bedlam of hostile voices, representing all the most aggressive forms of immorality and infidelity, that this frail woman fought nightly for God, and for six months she kept up this fatiguing struggle every night with the exception of a few Saturdays. But it was not long before the "something supernatural" which inspired her was recognized, and the people began to call her "Sainte Catherine."

Several years later how changed were the circumstances! La Marechale was able to secure, in the fashionable "Salle de Conférences" of the Grands Boulevards, the attention of the elite of Paris. She announced a series of afternoon lectures on

that when her meetings opened in Reformation Hall, where 3,000 people could be accommodated, the cream of the city gathered long before the hour in order to secure places, and twenty francs were sometimes offered to the door-keeper for a seat, while even the six o'clock morning meeting was packed. But she and her husband were expelled not only from this but two other meetings on the most trivial and iniquitous pretence. It was largely a Protestant persecution. Catholics gave themselves no trouble, but probably rejoiced in what their rivals regarded as a calamity. Unable to account for the work of the Spirit, it was said that the good looks of the Marchese and her husband, and their attractive manner, had hypnotized the people. Within eight weeks, twelve brochures were issued for and against their meetings, for wherever they were summoned, some adequate defender was at once raised up. But a more blunderingly honest confession of the real cause of their expulsion—their Christ-like mission and success—could scarcely have been made than the one contained in the theatrical paper of Geneva. Complimenting the lady whose furious pamphlet had helped to stir up the populace against them, this paper wrote:—"Honor to Madame de G., and thanks; for her noble look has rid us of the Spirit of Satan; does she expel him, therefore has lost a formidable rival, and its seats are beginning to be occupied." (This is textual.)

The indignities and brutality endured by the officers of the Army in Switzerland are beyond description. Every kind of instrument has been violently used against them, sticks and stones, knives, whips, fials, pitchforks, guns, revolvers, and what not. In one year no less than two hundred brutal assaults occurred. The Commissioners themselves have been frequently struck and stoned. They were imprisoned several times for holding meetings or for entering cantons from which they had been thrust out. But justice sometimes triumphed. After a fortnight's confinement in a cell, the nauseous odors of which made her ill every morning, La Marchese was taken to trial. In her defence she appealed to the laws of the land. In holding meetings," she said, "I simply place the national constitutional law above any decree made against us in violation of that law." The six jurymen, some of whom were of Huguenot descent, unanimously pronounced her not guilty, to the bitter disappointment of persecutors, who forthwith ordered her expulsion.

The headquarters of the Salvation Army in Paris are at No. 3, Rue Aubert. In France and Switzerland last year, the Army held nearly 300,000 meetings, dealt with nearly 5,000 souls at its penitential forms, while well nigh 800,000 copies of its salvation papers were sold.

ENDURANCE.

"He being dead yet speaketh."

Mrs. Ensign Mitchell, in response to our request, kindly sends the following, which will no doubt be read with pleasure by the many who knew and respected the writer when he was in the Church Militant:

One very useful quality is a good soldier's endurance. This must underlie all courage and all skill in warfare. More spasmodic spirit of fortitude will never carry a warrior through a long, severe campaign. Daily fighting calls for constant endurance. The washing may bear the fatigue of a long life; it may even stand the weariness of short, sad marches, and be willing to face the fire in a brief skirmish, but to live in the enemy's country, to make long forced marches, to fight steadily and unflinchingly through the cruelly balanced battles, while some are falling and some are struggling to do these things requires heroic endurance.

Soldiers of Christ Jesus must pray for the patient continuance in well doing and unmovable fortitude in withstanding the adversary if they would be among them that overcome. Let us heed the exhortation, then, "stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, etc." Our Captain has overcome the world, and so shall his true followers if they hold fast the beginning of their confidence, "steadfast to the end." Behold we count them happy which endure, for he that endureth to the end shall be saved.

"SEE THAT NONE TAKE THY CROWN."

Will you try to follow Jesus
Step by step and day by day,
He has trod the path so lonely
That you cannot miss the way.

The Saint and the Devil's Veil.

PART I.

"The Saint and the devil's veil" is most original; I got it from an old magazine published years ago, and thought it both beautiful and helpful.—Ensign Ensign, GALE.

There was once a saint who walked in the light of the truth, without swerving to the right hand or to the left, and who saw God everywhere because he was pure in heart. As the years rolled on the messenger of hell tried in every way to tempt him to a fall, but always failed, until at length there was a great disturbance among them because of this good man. So great did their anxiety to secure his downfall become, that they finally decided to request Satan to call a general convention of the powers of darkness, in order to devise some more successful means for the accomplishment of their designs. This was done, and the summons went out calling for a grand assembly on a certain day.

When the set time arrived, and all were gathered together,

The Arch-Fiend

from his throne commands, "Stand forth, ye who have cause for complaint, and state the reasons for this convention."

Upon this one of the leading spirits advanced and said:

"Be it known, oh, terrible sovereign, that there is one man upon earth who for years has utterly defied all our efforts to

near him are, like the stars at mid-day, totally blotted out by the greater light."

"That is truly wise," replied Satan, "and this man can never be overcome by any possibility, unless God be hidden from his view. Who will devise a veil to hang about his soul—a veil thick enough to shut out the vision of the Almighty?"

After an ominous silence there came forward a trembling, cringing creature, crying,

"I will make a veil, oh, master."

"Of what will you construct it?" asked Satan.

"I will weave it of fear. The warp shall be the fear of sin—the fear that after all it is impossible to live in the world without sin; at least, in the heart; and the woof shall be the fear and dread of God, Who has declared that He will not look upon sin with any degree of allowance. This will make a veil thick enough

To Shut Out God

from any soul."

It was decided that this attempt should be made, and the result reported at an early day.

Next morning, while the saint was at his devotions and engaged in self-examination, the demon appeared at the window of his soul, trembling beneath the weight of a heavy veil, which he proceeded to hang up, saying as he did so,

"When you consider the marvellous perfections of God, it must appear that you are finite, and therefore imperfect; your intentions may be reasonably upright, but

Again there was a grand

Convention in Hell,

and the spirit reported the failure of his scheme. Again Satan called for volunteers, and after several plans had been considered one was adopted which proposed to weave a veil out of doubt.

The second time the saint was assailed by a tempter, who whispered,

"How can you be sure that God means all He says literally? Don't you know that it is impossible to express the infinite varieties of the eternal in human phrase? And this being so, it is clear that you cannot pin a promise down to the exact letter; they are generally true, of course, but you cannot be certain

In Little Matters."

But the saint prayed steadily on:

"I thank Thee, God, for the Holy Word, which is sure and steadfast beneath me. Thou, O Lord, hast made me just, and Thou hast declared that the 'just shall live by faith'; if I therefore do pray always, lifting up holy hands, without wrath or doubting, and when I pray I do not doubt in my heart, but believe that I receive, seeking always to obey the command of the blessed Jesus. Have the faith of God."

There came another word of fire; a mountain of temptation was removed and cast into the sea and another victory was won for Jesus.

Consternation reigned in hell for a time; but at length

A New Suggestion

was presented.

"I will weave a veil," said one, "that can shut out God from the soul."

"Of what shall it consist?" asked Satan.

"It shall be woven of little displeasures at God's providences."

A thunder gust of diabolical applause followed this speech, and Satan himself nodded approvingly.

"I think that will succeed; try it at once."

(To be continued.)

A Voice From Cottonopolis.

MAJOR BAUGH WRITES.

MY DEAR CANADIAN WAR CRY,—Once again, with much salvation love, I drop you a line or two, just to say, "How do you do," and how we are doing over here.

I am thankful to tell you that the tide of salvation seems to be rolling in

on all sides. Hallelujah!

As you will have noted by the Officer and Ensign War Cry, I have been removed to Bolton Division. While the country around here is not equal to Cumberland, yet the opportunities are increased. We have twenty-five corps, thirteen brass bands, with 2,370 soldiers and recruits. There are no very large corps, but the number is well distributed amongst the twenty-five. A blessed work is going on in many of the stations. Last Sunday we had twenty-two souls at one corps, twelve at another, six at another, and so on, in most of the corps. The Officers are full of

Fire and Hope.

Another great advantage we have here, is that it is only about twenty-four miles to any further corps. Many are within walking distance.

Lancashire people are very hearty and outspoken. This would seem strange to a Canadian just dropped down from that beautiful, open, clean country, with its beautiful, educated, polite people.

At one of our corps a few Sunday nights ago, a woman came to the penitential form. She is the mother of a large family, and had professed to be a Roman Catholic. God spoke to her in the Sunday night's meeting, and amongst nine or ten others, she claimed salvation through the merits of Jesus' blood, and went home happy in His love. Her father soon heard the news, and came to see her. He said:

"I hear you were at the Salvation Army penitential form last night?"

"Yes," was her answer, "God has pardoned my sins, and I mean to be a good

Free Full Salvation.

Words and Music by CARL NELSON, Australia.

at Midway

Sal - va - tion is free, no money can buy it. Give up the world and sin, and you will find it. For the price is the blood of Jesus, and the price is paid for all.

CHORUS

Free full sal - va - tion, I've got to day. No more sin and sorrow, I can truly say. For I

can turn over now, for my Saviour's death on the cross, in saving Him, no happy all the day.

2. The first step is to trust in His power and love. The Spirit will be the guide to the Father's grace. For the price is the blood of Jesus, and the price is paid for all.

3. Always conquered in the past I am conqueror at last. My sin is forgiven, and I am free. For myself I have no care, I will follow any where. While I know that Christ, my Saviour, made the way.

cause his downfall, and we have therefore deemed it best to ask for general advice, as well as for your own most profound wisdom, concerning what must be done."

At once there arose a general chorus of suggestion, and each pressed his own particular idea, until Satan quelled the tumult and asked:

"How has not been tempted with many things?"

"He has, again and again."

"Well, why did he not yield?"

"Because, dread master, he did not seem to see the temptations at all."

"And why not, pray?"

"He sees only God, and sees God everywhere."

The king of the nether world shook with fury as he demanded,

"How is it that he accomplishes so much?"

All were silent for some moments, till a tall and sombre spirit advanced and replied:

"It is because he has a pure heart, and I have concluded that the Almighty is always just above such a heart like a blazing sun, and in the pure mirror of the soul

This Flaming Sun

is reflected with so overwhelming a refraction, that the little will-o'-the-wisp lights of temptation which we are able to bring

you know the taint of sin must linger in your heart; there is so much there that you cannot imagine Jesus having in His heart. You may as well confess that you cannot get rid of sin in the inward principle. You are afraid this is so! And then you must stand in fear of God's condemnation, for the mere presence of

A Saint's Telet

or state of heart is abhorrent to Him."

As he thus whispered he was busily engaged in wrapping the veil fold on fold, so far about the saint's heart, and was beginning to exult in the hope of success. But in a moment his eyes were blinded, for without following the example of Eve, and entering into a controversy, the saint calmly replied:

"God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because, as He is so are we in this world. There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

And as he spoke the fire of the Holy Ghost swept about his soul, and the devil's veil fled into nothingness in an instant of time, while the saint's heart reflected the Sun of Righteousness more brightly than ever before.

The Prayers of the Saints have been Richly Answered at the Friday Night Holiness Meeting. Hallelujah!

women now, father, and bring my children up right after this."

"Well," said the father, "I am glad to hear it, my child, and will give everyone of the children a suit of clothes to show you I am glad, and will help you all I can, only be good," and the women went and collected a pound as a thank-offering to God.

We have just had the most wonderful Two Days with God at Manchester ever known; nearly 2000 people at the morning meetings, on ordinary working days; in the afternoon and night the Free Trade Hall was filled, upstairs and down. The General was in most

Splendid Trim,

and made it felt. 336 came to the penitential form at the six meetings. One man came thirty miles to be saved; many backsliders returned to God; Christians from all sections of the church were at the penitential form. Many ministers and D. D.'s and others sat taking in the burning truths as they fell from the General's lips. Many sinners were saved, and the results will go east, west, north, and south. A man sat with tears in his eyes; "went to him and said, 'Can I help you?'"

He replied, "No, I'm afraid not; I was saved once, but fear of my friends has robbed me of my salvation." He said, "I saw you in Canada; was at the meeting in the Temple, Toronto, when you were promoted Major, but I am an unhappy man."

I cannot tell you how much my interest seemed to rise in his behalf when I found out he had been in Canada. I scan very closely your pages week by week, and look to see how you are all moving on, and where you all are. I seem to see victory stamped on your reports more and more of late.

Praying that our one great God may supply you with all needed grace and patience. I must close.

With Salvation love to you all, East, West, and Central, I am your comrade in Him as ever,
WM. BACON.

P.S.—Mrs. Baugh and family send greetings to you all.

Of Vital Importance

— AND —

THRILLING INTEREST I

The following points are to be dealt with in Territorial Topics by the COMMANDANT:

DESCRIPTION OF COMMANDANT'S VISIT TO N.W.

Mountain Recovery—Summer Campaign—Royal Navy.

JUNE CONGRESS.

Here about G. P. Party—New Social Enterprises—Temper Unit Systems and Farm.

CORPS' BUDGET SCHEME,

and other interesting items.

Brantford's Budget.

Since you heard from us last we have had the joy of seeing seven precious souls surrendering to G-d, also three out for the blessing of holiness. The crowds, especially in the week-night meetings, are the best we have had here for the last three years. This week and the meetings have been just grand. We were much blessed by the presence of our Blad Brother Glass, better known in Army circles as the Barnia Wonder. In the holiness meeting one soul got saved, and three at night; many more under deep conviction. In the midst of all this we were sorry to hear that after such a short stay with us, our Captain, whom we have already learned to love, had received farewell orders, but were glad to hear she had been promoted Ensign, and gone to take charge of a Submarine District.—CHARLES STEVENSON, Special Correspondent.

Channel Conquests.

We are having victory. God is with us in might and power. During the past week four have claimed the blessing of full salvation, and one wanderer has returned to his Father. The soldiers and converts are getting to understand the deep things of God.

We had a visit from the Rev. K. Fursey, which proved a blessing. We are going to have another encampment. In the midst of all I get farwells orders to go. I don't know where—but I'm the Lord's to follow.—Captain J. H. EMMETT.

Salvation Songs.

Fears Are O'er.

BY CANDIDATE A. CHAFFELL, KINGSTON.

TUNE—*Beulah Land.*

1 When first to Jesus' Cross we came,
Our hearts o'erwhelmed with sin and shame;
Conscious of guilt, and full of fear,
Yet, drawn by love, we ventured near.

CHORUS.

But now our doubts, our fears are gone,
For Jesus rules our hearts alone;
He has our every sin forgiven,
And now we're on our way to heaven;
To join in songs of sweetest love,
With all the redeemed saints above.

We pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesus' rich, atoning blood;
Our sins are gone, our fears are o'er,
We shun God's presence now no more.

O, sinner, come to Christ to-day,
And have your sins all washed away;
Come and be saved, and go with us,
To heaven, where all is endless bliss.

Salvation.

BY AMBULANT STREETON (ENGLAND).

TUNE—(Oh, where do you journey, my brother?)

2 Salvation the Lord has provided,
For sinners of all class and race;
Complete in its purpose entirely,
And all may be saved now through grace.

CHORUS.

My Saviour will save you just now,
My Saviour will save you just now;
He saves from all sin to the utmost,
My Saviour will save you just now.

Now, sinner, your heart bring to Jesus,
For long in rebellion you've been;
And He by His blood now so precious,
Will save you, and keep your heart clean.

Backslider, for you there is mercy,
Although you have grieved Him so long;
Accept now His kind invitation,
And sadness shall give place to song.

Come, all who in sin long have wandered,
To Jesus, your Saviour and Friend;
And though all your days you have squandered,
To this there shall now be an end.

Joy for Thee.

BY SERGEANT MAY LANG.

TUNE—*Love in the garden.*

3 I've heard the story of the Cross,
Where Jesus died for me;
He counted worthily honors done,
And died upon the tree.

CHORUS.

Bleeding and dying
On the cruel tree;
"It is finished," cried the Saviour,
"Pardon, peace, and joy for thee."

Why did He hang between the thieves?
Why did He come to die?
The vilest sinner who believes
May dwell with Him on high.

Sinner, now haste to Jesus' feet,
To love He calls to-day;
He will thy prayer for mercy greet,
And take thy sins away.

Calvary.

BY ADJUTANT ARCHIBALD.

TUNE—*Hallelujah, what a Saviour!*

4 Hear the story of the Cross,
Where my Saviour suffered loss,
Saving me, His life it cost,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

There this loving heart was bathed
Deep in sorrow as they laid
Thou on a cross—in blood was swathed,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Fainting 'neath His cross He here,
Bruised and bleeding, sinking there,
None to pity, none to care,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Marred in His face with gory head,
Marched to Calvary—footsteps red,
We-k His body from blood shed,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Lifted high 'midst hearts of stone
Five bleeding wounds to earth so shown,
His feet, His hands, His heart so torn,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

Man of sorrows, blessed name,
Ever flows His blood the same,
Washing sins of crimson stain,
Hallelujah, what a Saviour!



PROMOTIONS—

Captain E. J. Wiseman, late of Richmond Street Corps, Toronto, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Sarah Scarr, late of Brantford, Ontario, Corps, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Minnie Fitzpatrick, of Victoria, B.C., Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Captain Rebecca Ellery, of St. John, N.B., Rescue Home, to be ENSIGN.

Lieutenant Bella Headip, late of Montreal, P. Q., Rescue Home, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Minnie Collett, late of Nanaimo, B.C., Corps, to be Captain.

Lieutenant Minnie Green, of Winnipeg, Man., Corps, to be Captain.

Cadet W. H. Gibson, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Fred. Mobius, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Arthur Wilkins, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet John W. Baxter, late of Brandon Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Delish Dwyer, late of Winnipeg Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

Cadet Lizzie Stephens, late of Winnipeg Training Garrison, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

ADJUTANT AND MRS. ARCHIBALD, to take charge of Victoria, B.C. Corps and District.

ENSIGN AND MRS. WISEMAN, to take charge of Belleville Corps and District.

ENSIGN SARAH SCARR, to take charge of Cobourg Corps and District.

Captain Fox, appointed to Montreal "Lighthouses," pro tem, to take charge.

Captain Tierney, late of Victoria, B.C., Rescue Home, to take charge of Children's Shelter, Toronto, Ontario.

Captain Headip, to Victoria, B.C., Rescue Home.

Captain Collett, to Edmonton, N.W.T., Corps.

Lieutenant Gibson, to Carberry, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Mobius, to Neepawa, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Wilkins, to Rapid City, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Baxter, Mount Lehman, Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Dwyer, to Belkirk (in charge), Manitoba, Corps.

Lieutenant Stephens, to Edmonton, Manitoba, Corps.

MARRIAGE.

MAJOR RICHARD MORRIS, last stationed in charge of Montreal "Lighthouses," married at Hamilton, Ontario, to Captain Mrs. Harrison, last in charge of the Winnipeg Rescue Home, on Easter Monday, the 20th of March, by Commandant H. H. Booth.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

CONTENTS.

RESURRECTION.—By the General.
TERRITORIAL TOPICS.—By the Commandant.
LA MARCHIALE.—By Frances Willard.
THE COMMANDANT AT HAMILTON.
A SALVATION PHOTIO AT B-W-MANTILLER.
THE DEVIL OF TRIAL IN CHICAGO.
A FINAL SALUTE TO NEWFOUNDLAND.
ALL-NIGHT AT TORONTO TEMPLE.
PROVINCIAL, DISTRICT AND CORPS NEWS.
EASTERN REPORTS, etc.



TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, March 22, 1894.

DEATH TO LIFE.

Easter has come and gone. Thank God, the power of the resurrected Christ has been exhibited in the Army's midst throughout the Dominion and the world. Jesus of Nazareth has been passing by; crowds have assembled to see the miracles He has wrought in our midst; many have pressed through the throng and found healing through a touch from Him. The scene at the Temple all night of prayer on Good Friday was a notable instance of the wonder-working God being still in our midst. For all this, hallelujah.

CHERISH.

A word more. God will not often give souls to a people who have not enough vital godliness to nurse the new converts into vigor when they have them. Comrades, see that the new-born souls are not suffered to perish for lack of the sincere milk of the Word or the loving sympathy of the soldiers and corps to whom, under God, they owe their salvation.

APOLOGIES.

Will our many, and we rejoice to say, rapidly increasing number of contributors, excuse us cutting down their reports in a way that will look to them positively unmerciful. We regret to do it, but are compelled to through the displacement and disarranging of our ordinary matter in consequence of the Easter WAR CRY. We do so little condensing, comparatively, that we feel sure our comrades will bear this all right.

BLESS.

May God pour the resurrection life, light, and power in abundance into the heart of every person that has to do with the WAR CRY, from the Editorial staff to the smallest contributor and farthest customer. Amen.

Look Out In Next Number
for Portrait of Mother
Cameron, of Barrie.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Nor do they light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the lamp-stand; and it shines to all that are in the house. Thus let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in heaven.—"New Testament Teaching."

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETING—SUBJECT: "REAL RELIGION."

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The Easter Cry is what we might call a "clipper," she excels all others by many points; those others, too, were hard to beat. Major Complin

has carried off the cake at the point of his sword—on horse back!—at full gallop!!! The whole affair reflects the greatest credit upon all who had anything to do with it. Let us lay the glory at Jesus' feet. The Christmas scene is already under consideration. Wait till you see that! Thank God, a thousand times, for the willing labor, lasting often far into the night, entailed in the production of that special.

Arrangements approach completion. A few points of interest here. Don't forget the dates. It is perfectly marvellous what one can manage with a little arrangement, mixed with a little determination. June 15th to 21st. Make up your mind at once, to be there. Write it down somewhere. Hang it on the kitchen or parlor wall. You must be there. There will be a general gathering of the entire staff (with few exceptions) of the Dominion. A staff council. All the field officers of Ontario; a field officers' council of a unique and original character; something never before done. A two days with God. A desperate attempt to bring the vision of God upon the whole city, both indoors and out. The best organized battle for souls yet attempted. The grandest musical festival and Salvation Army display ever held in Canada, in the great Massey House Hall, holding, I am told, nearly five thousand people. A meeting which the Commandant pledges, for interest and effect, if not for size, will eclipse the great C. P. battle of song conducted by himself in 1892. Marches of immense size and splendid order. Parades of Salvation Army regiments. Mounted outside. Missing of brass bands and a whirlwind of Holy Ghost fire and glory. It is intended that the Salvation Army shall see and hear itself. Excursions will run by rail and boat from everywhere, and the whole will conclude with a grand bombardment of the city of Hamilton. During the last meeting the party sailing for England the next day will farewell and be dedicated to their important duty of representing Canada well and faithfully at the great International C. P. Demonstration in England.

New, make up your mind to come. Further particulars later.

The Commandant has decided to turn farmer! It has now become necessary and who to provide means for supplying our various and

A Farm. ever-increasing institutions in the city with farm produce. It is also well to have all the opportunity possible for providing labor for those willing to work under the salvation influence of the Salvation Army. Such enterprises are working splendidly in Australia, Africa, and other countries. Why not in Canada? Several small

business will be transacted, until the following Friday night, when, after the holiness meeting, he leaves for the Coast. Mrs. Booth will conduct the two holiness meetings on the Friday nights during which the Commandant is absent.

Major Morris was married to Captain Mrs. Harrison on Monday night, March 26th, 1894. It was in very many respects a most marriage service. Happy, but never too gay to be solemn; free, but never out of hand; full of joyful greetings, but never forgetful of the serious obligations into which two living souls enter when they swear at God's altar to be each other's guides, and take the momentous responsibility of living in each other's secret thoughts. The Major goes to Newfoundland; a happy man, with many expressions of affection, and takes with him a wife, who, by her simplicity and outspoken fidelity, was all hearts. Brig-

adier Margetta has just arrived in Toronto, en route for London. Major Read is also in Toronto. He is suffering from a temporary illness brought on by fatigue and overwork. Pray for him. Pray for them all.

It appears to have gone off like a rocket—nor do I believe it will come down like a stick! For good, solid, Holy Ghost times, I don't think there has ever been an Easter in Canada to surpass it. I am told so on all hands. Brigadier de Barritt reports splendid times at the Temple, Orillia, Barrie, and Lindsay; Brigadier de Barritt reports a triumphant Officers' Council at Belleville. (Thank you, my dear comrades, for that message of love and loyalty you sent me!) Also soul-saving times at Peterboro'. Brigadier Margetta swept the field at his last "pitch-in" at Winnipeg, and came away with the cry of twenty-seven penitents in his ears. Brigadier Jacobs lifted up his voice in Halifax, and denounced the devil as soon as he landed, celebrating his home-coming by opening the Revere House, and getting the hearts of ten souls open to let the Master in. And as for the Commandant and his faithful follower, Brigadier Holland, they passed a simply glorious time, both at Toronto and Hamilton. That all-night was a Divine time. We were as fresh and full of fire at five a.m. as we were at eleven p.m., only more so. Hamilton is reported to be everywhere. There is in the air a spirit of glory. Hamilton is coming back to the glory of her old self. I conducted seven indoor meetings and three outdoor services from the time I arrived, one o'clock Sunday morning, to the hour I left, nine o'clock on Tuesday morning. The largest audiences came together gathered for many years. I never spoke to crowds who listened more eagerly or respectfully to what I had to say. Especially was this true at the City of Dr. Philip's church on Sunday evening, where I spoke of risen Saviour in the present tense to an audience I felt it a pleasure to talk to. God bless Hamilton. There is a great future ahead of her. She must have a new barracks somehow. Oh, for wit and wealth!

These meetings give promise of becoming a great power. Already their influence on the city Salvation Army has been, by universal and constant most gratifying. As the audiences increase, which they do weekly, that influence will be spread wider and wider, and I predict that multitudes of God's followers in and out of the Army, will look back to these Friday nights as the turning points of their spiritual history. Each week the atmosphere grows keener, and the expectations of these attending is increased. It is a going on from glory to glory. Let every soldier make a desperate effort to be present. These meetings will not last for ever, although their success has warranted a continuance of them for an indefinite period. My supreme desire for them is that they may be times, not only of receiving and deepening blessing, important as that is, but that in them men and women may come to see the obligations under which they lie, and that a great springing for the salvation of the lost and the stirring of the dead may result.

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forms have been seen by the Commandant with this end in view, and probably an announcement will be made shortly of our latest Social enterprise.

Meanwhile, negotiations are passing between Toronto and London, England, as to whether any use can be made of the two thousand acres of splendid, richly timbered land, presented to the Army last year in New Brunswick; and now comes of a magnificent gift by the Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba, of 160 acres of land, thirty miles from Winnipeg! So it is that we "inherit the land." I wonder if there will ever be a model settlement of Salvationists on principles of co-operation, and brotherly love in Canada? Why not? If all the Army farmers of Canada could unite under one flag in one place, and live in one accord, true to fixed principles. —But "it doth not yet appear." Don't forget, though, it is religion, and not money grabbing, that has made every new nation on God's earth. Religion made it; greed has destroyed it. Query: How to get a maximum of religion with a minimum of greed—outside heaven?

After the introduction of Brigadier Margetta at London, the Commandant leaves by the mid-night train for Toronto, and journeys on the Monday night to Montreal, where matters of great importance make it necessary for him to hold conference with Brigadier Holland, who comes from the East to meet him. On Tuesday night, the Commandant returns to Toronto, where matters of urgent

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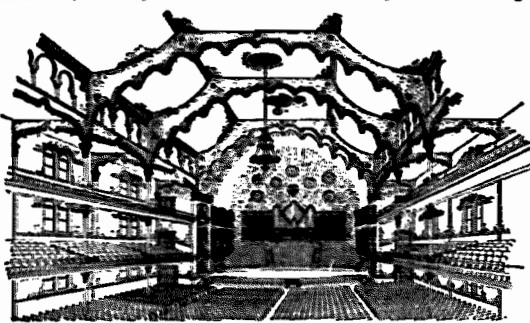
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It appears to have gone off like a rocket—nor do I believe it will come down like a stick! For good, solid, Holy Ghost times, I don't think there has ever been an Easter in Canada to surpass it. I am told so on all hands. Brigadier de Barritt reports splendid times at the Temple, Orillia, Barrie, and Lindsay; Brigadier de Barritt reports a triumphant Officers' Council at Belleville. (Thank you

"Those Friday Evening Meetings have been a Great Blessing to My Soul."—BRIGADIER HOLLAND.



THE Calm After the Storm.

Not so exciting as the modern, high-strung, novelette's hero's life, yet full of real adventure. Truth shining forth from actual happenings, furnished through William Elliott's life history.

Scotch, parents of orthodox Presbyterian faith, born in Roxborough, Scotland, spent seventeen years in native country, cradled in knowledge of what he ought to have been, thrashed for want of devotion to religious observances; yet, on getting away from home, head-knowledge failed to check; bent of evil heart was followed, drinking and fighting favorite pastimes, while off duty of the farm.

Called home to say good-bye to dying mother; promises plentiful, purposes sincere, till companions met. Home attractions gone, shipped for America.

Sailed to New York, made for Canada; spent forty-six years in this fair land, reached it by a circuitous route. No trains running; steamer to Albany, up the Hudson River. Canal boat to Rochester; steamer to Lewiston, thence to Hamilton by boat, team to Galt.

Started farming, afterwards turned in to make bricks. Life since, one long series of money-making, good resolutions, and drunken uppers. Trip to Michigan; made money in brickyard; proceeds, drunk. Walked to London; situation in Westminster; kept sober for months; getting sick of drunkenness, but went into city on fair day; same old tale, landed in prison, this time for creating nuisance in street.

Another strong resolution to mend up. Married to better. Joined Good Templars; knocked that on the head by getting drunk. Passed on to Parkhill; same experience here. Owned two brickyards in this place; swallowed the lot up in drink.

Made trip out to North-West to better himself; started off with fifty-seven dollars, came back after some months with \$30. Went out again; this time fetched home \$700, bought a home for his wife, drunk rest. Off to North-West again; eighteen months there this time, brought home \$200. Experiences in West, various. Helped at building C.P.R. line, worked with mixed nationalities; fights, drink, and disease, laid many low in death; took the death, dug trench, threw them in, mound of earth on top. No service; man would drop down while working; pick him up, throw him aside out of the way. Sundays, drinking and revelry. Only time convicted of sin, and almost saved when young minister came along and held meetings.

When he turned up in Parkhill, spent hard earnings in drink; became a hanger-on round saloons, until the Army came. The story was heard, conviction followed; nightly attendance, until he sought mercy at the penitentiary.

At last—rest! backbone for his good resolutions, heart right, no strong, overpowering desires, new life began, a follower of the Cross.

Known? Yes, by all in Parkhill, saw his life before conversion; watched it since for over six years—on his behalf, they say, "Well, the Army is doing good." Amidst the faithful few, beating drum, and

helping in other ways, Wm. Elliott fights on for the Saviour, and after a stormy, tempestuous career, settles down to enjoy the calm of a Christian's life. Well on the way to 65. Father, as the comrades love to call him, realizes the pit from which he has been dug, and turns out punctually to open-air and indoor meetings to do his best for the Saviour he has found.

Sinner, good resolutions are easily broken, religious bringing-up, and head-knowledge, are but ropes of sand by themselves. What you want, is change of heart, then, just as natural as to breathe, you can act up to your convictions, and serve God.

F. T. M.



MITRAILEUSE.

A new Rescue Home is being prepared in Holland.

The man who talks much with God will not find it hard to talk about Him.

Our first Food and Shelter Depot was opened February 19th, 1888. Over six years old now.

Independent of Slum-pots, there are now twelve corps in New York.

A cigar-maker was recently converted at Madison, and immediately gave up the business.

At Mamel, in Germany, we are now allowed to hold afternoon meetings only. But we shall win!

Even the habits of hyenas teach us one useful lesson, viz., to fight on our knees.—*The Melbourne Cry.*

A Flint convert has been a prize-fighter for eight years, and fought his last battle in Signar Opera House in November.

An ex-minister has been converted at Oshkosh, and he goes on the march and works on the platform. He bids fair to be a good Salvationist.

Two sister penitents at the Bega penitentiary halved handkerchiefs to dry their tears.

Our Mahomedan operations are again in full swing, and another officer has started on the long and tedious journey there.

The Rescue Headquarters' front door has no key to it. We beg pardon—it has the Key of Love, and is open night and day.

A free circulating library has been started in connection with the Waterbury Corps (Conn.), commencing with \$40 worth of books.

England can learn something of Belgium, which with a dense population of 640 to

the square mile, grows nine-tenths of the food it consumes.

The question of the hour: The other Saturday a Chief Rabbi preached from the text, "The righteous considereth the cause of the poor, but the wicked regardeth not to know it."

Whose grievance? "Why, he's only a pauper whom nobody owns." The inmates of The Well Street Workhouse have been complaining of having to use the same bath as the doctor's dog.

Are you one of the soldiers who wear full uniform, testifies loud, and pray long, and then sit in the barracks and sing while the Captain and others are in the open air?

It won't do any good to pray for the South Sea Islander, as long as you won't speak to the man who lives in the next house.

A bushel of corn can do a great amount of good if put to the proper use, and if the brewer gets it, it may do untold harm. So, my comrades, you can do untold good if you obey God, but if the devil gets you, oh, what harm you'll do!

The first literature sensation of the year is considered to be the editorial change of course—or rather, the picture in the March number of *All the World*, which depicts the Editorial Staff in an entirely new (I) garb. The idea emanated from Commissioner Carlston.

At our Banti Training Garrison, no English may be spoken. This is of great assistance to foreign language learning. Things—that is furniture, etc.—were somewhat upset by an earthquake shock there, but the Salvationists were serene enough.

An American minister wrote the Commander, begging that the Army would take steps to win the medals and self-damning anarchism. Afterwards learning that our present red flag and methods, have already accomplished this end in many cases, the reverend gentleman hastened to ask the Commander to accept him as an officer.

A clergyman's testimony: "I was a poor, dead thing before God met me. I see that the Salvation Army is the savior on the Atlantic as the Pacific Coast. Some may think there is a lot of 'jiggle' about them, but, somehow, it 'jiggles' right into the heart. When you preach Jesus, you touch my heart."

The Townsville Evening Star, commenting on the Sydney Shelter Work, says that Salvationists are giving practical proof of the faith that is in them by their works of charity and religion. They have done more to upraise the fallen and give bread to the hungry than all the other churches put together, and in the very near future the praise of large will be compelled to utter its praise of the admirable and self-denying labors of the Army.

In Hounslow the experiment is being tried of cutting the leaves of specimen copies of the *Darkest England Gazette*, sewing them down the middle, and placing the same in hairdresser's saloons, coffee taverns, and working-men's clubs, for the use of frequenters. The testimony is that the majority of frequenters had never before seen the paper, much less heard of phony-jaw, and other kindred evils which the Salvation Army combats.

One of the many influential visitors to our latest Amsterdam Shelter has written so thrilling a description of the work, that two large store-keepers have had to be set apart for the reception of the clothing, furniture, etc., which are being so plentifully received. The newspapers have also helped Colonel Oliphant considerably in the obtaining of donations.

Can nothing be done?—Lighthouse and lightship keepers, from the nature of their noble calling, are terribly isolated from their fellowmen; especially is this true of those dwelling along the coasts of Labrador, Africa, and South Australia. Writes one: "It is ten months since my wife has seen a woman, and eight months since I have heard a sermon." Mail them some of our publications.

ANTI-REV.

Chatham Chow-Chow.

I have all faith that Circle Corps work is going to be a proper success, if not almost neglected. I have just sent four days with Captain Andrews, who has charge of Tilbury Centre Circle Corps, and we have had a happy time.

Monday we drove to GLENWOOD and held a meeting in Mr. Shepley's house. This one man got converted in one of the meetings two weeks ago.



Glenwood is quite a new settlement, only twenty houses in sight, and for miles around it is all bush; but just the same we had seventy-five men and women pack into the house for meeting. It was a jam, but a blessed time. One soul saved and three held up their hands to be prayed for. Some of the men from the camps come to the meeting and there is every appearance of a grand work in this place.



Tuesday night we held a special meeting at TILBURY.

Wednesday we started through the mud and bush, and overstepped, to McMac's Mill.



This trip made us think of Peter Cartwright, the backwoods preacher. After many a jar and many a bump, we arrived at Mr. Collingham's in good time for supper. We held our meeting in the school house, which was full to the door. A woman held up her hand to be prayed for. God helped us to put before them life and death, and we are looking forward to great results here. On

was a night, after meeting, to see the people starting off in great procession with lanterns. 12:30 we reached Tilbury.

Thursday morning, I, with the Captain, led the pleasure of calling to see Captain Dill's people, who live in the country. We enjoyed ourselves much here. The Captain got a chicken to take home for supper, and I had a hen and rooster for my hen-farm on a small scale. Thank you, Mrs. Dodd.

At night I conducted a meeting at Tilbury, not a large crowd but conviction. I took my departure for Chatham then.

CHATHAM Friday night. Two souls for full salvation.

Saturday, Mrs. Miller, and baby Joy and I went to Ridgeway for a week-end. We had a blessed time. At this corner there have been twelve souls the past two weeks, also two souls at Highgate, the outport. Captain Junkin is in charge, and is doing a good work.

Captain Martin and Lieutenant Pattison have taken charge of Blenheim corps. Welcome to our District, my comrades.

An ex-hotel-keeper cried for pardon the other day, when visited.

GIDEON MILLER.

Parental Influence.

The father of the eminent missionary, Alexander Duff, was in the habit of talking to his child about mission work in foreign lands, and giving him incidents of his travels. In this way the fire of missionary zeal was kindled and kept burning, until the youth volunteered for the work of spreading the glorious Gospel.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—Prov. xxii. 6.

R.R.
What's that?
Enquire at
Elm St. Meeting
Friday Evening.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room to receive it."—MAL. iii. 10.

CROWDS CONTINUE TO ATTEND THE FRIDAY NIGHT HOLINESS MEETING AT ELM ST.



BY THE PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

A general change in the Lifeboat. Some



have gone to the regions above, while others have sunk to the depths below. We did not like to leave our cozy little office, but it was needed for a more important personage, so the Private Detective, humble and obedient as usual, picked up his traps and went a little higher. But in spite of our desire to play the part of a martyr, we are obliged to be honest and confess that we really got the best of the bargain; for instead of a cozy little office, we have now a big one, which we have already grown to love.

House-cleaning is the order of the day. Fresh paint and paper are doing much to brighten and renovate the good old ship, and we hope soon to have everything in apple-pie order.

To miss a Sunday night's meeting always means a very large bite out of the week's pleasure. We love the bright singing, the happy testimonies; we love to watch the tears glisten in the eyes of some poor "wandering boy." But best of all, we love to see them kneel at the Cross and to hear that joy-awakening cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

It was Monday, we missed the meeting last night, and were consequently most anxious to hear the news. "I've got something good to tell you; three out last night! Oh, had you; that's beautiful. Who were they? And so we listened and heard of the victories that had been won, truly our heart did sing for joy. Souls, over whom we had been yearning, had at last stepped into light and liberty, and now from the depths of thankful hearts, we cry, "Oh, God, keep them true!" Later on in the afternoon, we had a little chat with two of these newly-saved comrades. Oh, what a change a few hours had wrought! As we talked to one, his face seemed

lighted up with heaven's own joy, and as they expressed their fixed determination to go forward and stand firm for God, our hearts were encouraged, and we renewed fresh strength for the battle.

Have you any news of my boy? Poor soul, it was only a few days ago that she had called and asked just the same question. We had promised her that through our Enquiry Department we would do our utmost to find the joy and pride of her heart. We explained to her that we had scarcely yet had time to receive word, and told her she should know the moment we did. "Very well," she said, sadly. "I won't bother you any more, but it's troubling at my heart strings. God bless the dear old soul. We did not consider her a bother from it. We only pray that God will direct our steps to her loved and long lost boy. Officers, in connection with this department of our work, will you let the Private Detective my just one word. You know you sometimes receive a letter asking your help in the discovery of some missing one, will you please give such letters your prompt and personal attention? Remembering that while the time may seem short to you, it seems very long and dreary to those who, like the poor old man, have something tagging at their heart strings.

Why, is that you? I didn't know you. We were on the opposite side of the street. Our attention had been attracted by the bright uniform and the smiling face. Oh, you now we recognize him, he is one of the Lifeboat comrades now, an enrolled soldier—fighting, living, and working for God. You can ask him all about his past life of sin, and drink, and misery, and he is not afraid to tell you, for he knows the past is all under the Blood. Thank God for another trophy, another brand snatched from the burning; and still we go forth conquering and to conquer, for the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Fidelity to the Saviour.

"Of Felicitas, it is said, she was a noble and rich widow at Rome, in the time of Marcus Aurelius. She had never seen him, but she instructed in the Christian faith; and her influence led many to adopt the Christian religion. She and her sons were cited before Publius, the prefect of the city, who tried and threatened in vain to induce them to renounce their faith and deny Christ. He appealed to the mothers' feeling of Felicitas, but she replied that her own world would know how to choose between exalting life and everlasting death. One by one, they were required to abjure Christ; but the mother exhorted them to stand firm, and told them that a great reward awaited them in glory. She stood by, and saw her eldest son, surrounded with loaded thrones still he died; the next two bent to death with chains; the fourth flung from a rock; the other three decapitated. Then, in the midst of her dead, she praised God. He had given her seven sons crowned with life in Paradise. At length, after prolonged and excruciating torture, she was beheaded."

Rev. JAMES BROWN, the eminent Wesleyan commentator, says: "I could do nothing but pray that I might be holy, even as He is holy. Everything else appeared to be so insignificant as not to deserve a thought. Oh, how I long to speak of nothing else! My soul was, as it were, let into God, and united with His goodness. He so strengthened my faith as to perfectly banish all my doubts and fears, and so filled me with humble, peaceful love, that I could and did devote my soul and body, and health and strength, to His glory and service. Oh, what a change! I had wrought in me! Glory to God! I am, indeed, put into possession of a new nature. Over and over again, with infinite sweetness, did I dedicate myself to God."

A PEACOCK who was asked the cause of his impervious condition, said that it was due to preening so much without notes.

HELP THE HELPERS.

If you want to assist (1) Ex-prisoners; (2) The Rescue Homes; (3) Children's Shelter and all Social operations of the Salvation Army, ring up Telephone No. 761, and drop a line to corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, for men for all kinds of work.

Kindling, Wood and Coal. City Prices. Delivered.

East Ontario Province. BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Kingston.

We have no tales of defeat to tell from here, but on the other hand, God has given us some grand and definite victories. The winter's warfare under the leadership of Staff-Captain and Mrs. Sharp, was blessed by God in having some good cases of conversion and sanctification.

Ensign McGillivray has just taken charge, and the prospects for a good summer's work are more than encouraging. There are several candidates here who ought to be in the field long ago, and a number of contented looking soldiers who should send in their applications to Brigadier Scott.

From this corps soldiers, and converts, and officers, are scattered almost over the whole world. Bandmaster Taylor and wife have lately gone to Mexico. God bless them.

Last Thursday night, Ensign had a band concert. A good crowd in attendance, and a very profitable time was spent.

Within the last few weeks, God has saved some who promise to make good soldiers. They come to the marches, and sit on the platform, while many, who ought to be soldiers, sit down before and gaze on the beauties and joys that are had by obeying God.

The Juniors' work is progressing, and we are expecting great things from the large and small Juniors.

I must not forget our WAR CRY boomers, who actually besiege the city every Saturday afternoon, visiting depots, hotels, stores, shops and factories, with a paper filled with salvation, and hearts to correspond. Our faith is strong, and our God is Almighty; so with clean hearts and lives, we expect a time of victory.—WM. RITCHIE.

Peterboro'.

After borrowing a pair of driving mitts from "Dad Green," and making some enquiries about the roads to NEWBORN, I started around the District. I arrived there in good time for dinner, after doing about thirty-three miles, with the thermometer about thirty degrees below zero.

The officers here are having a hard fight, but they are going at it with good faith, and I believe they will have victory. We had a nice little meeting at night. Two brothers held up their hands to be prayed for; and I had the joy of seeing one of them at the penitential-faith here in Peterboro' a few nights ago. Hallelujah, Jesus does answer prayer.

TWENTY came next, but I had to drive fifty miles before I reached there, and the weather so cold as ever, but I managed to keep myself warm by having a run now and again. I arrived at Marmora about noon. Here I let my horse have a rest, and gave her some feed. I got to Tweed about six o'clock, and found Captain Towell, and Lieutenant Hedden, with supper all ready waiting for me. They have been having pretty good success lately, and quite a few souls have been saved. I spent Saturday night and Sunday at this place; we had good meetings.

Then I went to CAMPELLFORD, a distance of thirty-five miles. Sorry to find Mrs. Walker sick. Things have been going very well here of late, and there are quite a lot of soldiers. Captain Walker is in for doing his best for God and souls.

WARKWORTH was the next place on the list. Captain Walker came with me for the meeting, and about fifteen of the Campbellford soldiers. We had a good meeting, although the crowd was small. Lieutenant Nyland is in charge, and is going in for victory.

We were to have a meeting at Indian Village the next night, but could not get the help, it being otherwise engaged.

I called at Mrs. Crow's on my way to Peterboro'. I was kindly entertained, and had my horse fed.

I found on my arrival home, that things were by no means at a stand-still. Eleven souls were saved while I was away. Six more have sought mercy since. Glory to Jesus.

I have visited MILLBROOK this week. Things are on the rise here. A few souls have got saved, and the soldiers are getting fired up properly. Captain LeDrew is going in for a revival. Victory is our motto all around. ENSIGN MACDONALD.

Kemptville.

Glory to God, that again the report is unity and love. Altogether, things are on the move. A new outpost bombarded, with entrance free of charge for the spreading of the glad tidings of His glorious Gospel to the people of Halville, and by the help of God, the people are being saved. Dear old life. God help us to believe for the return of the prodigal children to their home once more. Oh, Lord, raise our faith and love! We believe there's conviction, and a longing in the heart of the sinner.—A SOLDIER.

Lachute.

Since our last report God has been helping us. Another one has started for God. The fight is hard, but the Lord has promised the victory. Ensign McLean was here for a meeting and had a very good time. Better days ahead for Lachute. We need your prayers.—CAPTAIN McLEAN.

Quebec.

Just a line or two to tell you we have arrived safely in this city. We were met at the station by our beloved comrade, Captain Graham, whose name is well known around this part of the world.

After relieving ourselves of a few of our parcels we started out to climb the hills, and make our way to our new home on St. Patrick street. On our road we met our friend, Mr. Pfeiffer, and received from him a grip of the hand and a hearty welcome to Quebec.

On our arrival at the quarters we were welcomed again by our comrade, Captain Bette, who is a lovingly volunteered to remain to assist us in this great battle.

I cannot as yet say much about our work here, but I would like to mention that although we find only a few soldiers there are the faithful few, who have stood firm amidst every difficulty, and whose hearts we believe beat true to their God Whom they serve.

Meetings all day on Sunday were very good; God's presence was with us, and His voice was heard speaking to many a heart.

Although the fight here seems a desperate one, yet we have no one who is becoming faint-hearted or discouraged. Why should we while we know King Jesus leads us on? Yes, we feel really sure that the shout of victory shall yet go up from our midst, but we need your prayers. You can depend upon us, although we are the weakest of soldiers, to stand firm with our face to the foe.—MR. ENSIGN MITCHELL, CAPTAIN HELLMANN and CAPTAIN BETTE.

Pembroke.

The past week God has been working here. Three souls came to the feet of Jesus and six for cleansing. Glory hallelujah! Our motto is, "Never say die!"—CAPTAIN CRITCHER.

Tweed.

Since our last report we have had our new D. O., Ensign Macdonald, with us for a week-end. We had a glorious time through all the meetings. We were very glad to welcome him, and to see the people of the town—both Methodists and Presbyterians. We are hoping to have him come again soon. The meetings were a source of blessing to saints and sinners, for although no souls would yield, yet we believe a good work was done.

On Saturday we held a pound-meeting and sing-song. The friends were very kind and loving in bringing in the pounds. God bless them. We pray they shall never want for the Bread of Life.

Our meeting was a time of power; the Spirit of God was much felt. Praise God.—CAPTAIN TOWELL and LIEUTENANT HEDDEN.

Millbrook.

This week we have had with us our new D. O., Ensign Macdonald. Everything seemed to enjoy his visit. After the meeting was closed on Thursday night a man came to the penitential form, crying to God to save him; as the comrades prayed he claimed forgiveness of his sins. Others have asked us to pray that God will help them to decide.

We have some proper blood and fire soldiers here, who not only know how to pray, but do it. There are a large number of friends who are very kind; they have helped us nobly since we came. God bless them, every one.—CAPTAIN M. LEDEW.

Perth.

Again we are glad to report victory over ten coming to Jesus, and grand cases; one, a little boy of eleven years old. On Sunday night he sat and cried while the lesson was being read; then, while the prayer meeting was going on, without anyone saying a word to him, he exclaimed aloud, "That will do; I'll go!" So he stepped out and got saved.

Among the number is a man who never prayed before in his life until Monday night, when he came, with his wife, to Jesus. Some old backsliders have returned, praise God! For some years they have been in misery, but have come back to the fold! Hallelujah! All are doing well. I must tell you that on Sunday afternoon there were twenty-one on the march, and twenty-six at night. God is with us, praise His name for ever. Our brass band is coming on very nicely. Of course music of all kinds is nice when it is played for Jesus' sake. I must also say that there are some sinners here as well as everywhere else.—CAPTAIN BROCKENBURY.

COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH,

Y. W. C. A. Hall, Elm Street, 7:45 p. m., Friday Evening.
Subject: "Real Religion."

Commandant at Hamilton

(Continued from page 5.)

from Simon who informed the Commandant he had not yet visited his corps, has "perfect peace."

Mr. Staff-Captain Fry said
"I have been much blessed at the Easter meetings, and am going from them more than ever determined to fight."

Mr. Stonehouse often thanked God for the many crosses. When he came to Jesus with his heart loaded with sin Jesus freely forgave him. He can go to Jesus with any trouble and always finds relief. He could not live without Jesus. Rejoices that he is going to meet the friends in heaven.

The Commandant at this point asked for more faith, explaining that faith is like the cooper linking the ore to the locomotive. Ever so beautiful care, but motionless unless attached to the locomotive.

Said a brother: "My name is Walter."

I wait on the Lord in the Ambitious City. ("You are a man of weight," interrupted the Commandant. In reply, a nod.) Five months ago I came to this place of perfect rest. May I say I thought to have struck it long before. Since coming here, I have lived a blameless life, better perfect than I know it. I found it entirely useless to do it in the effort of the flesh, I cast myself entirely on God, and have been ever of God since then.

Eugene Arbett

said his will was subjected to God, that he was dead to the flesh, and fleshly interests. The burden of his heart was to have a revival. It had been so ever since arriving at St. Catharines.

WEDDING.

Magnificent victory in the justifiable verdict on Salvation Army operations at Hamilton under the leadership of

Eugene Alkenhead

and the officers of both the Hamilton corps. The crowd's attention and sympathy had been all that could be desired, but the climax was reached on Monday.

There was a magnificent attendance at the wedding

Banquet,

which was presided over by the Commandant. Major Morris and his bride, on entering, were received with great applause.

The wedding meeting had a twenty sent admission collection on the door, but the result did not prevent a good crowd of people assembling to witness it.

Our leader made wise and pithy remarks on the subject of marriage. The Bible is a book merciful to

Women.

In the lesson being read it tells wives to submit to their husbands; but there is a saving clause inserted, viz., "As unto the Lord." "That is," said the Commandant, addressing the wives, "if he tells you to go to the theatre, or to spend your money on feathers and flowers, don't do it; you are justified in refusing, because that is not 'unto the Lord.' The husband is the head of the wife. Yes, that is the same very well, but how is the head 'as Christ is the head of the Church?' And Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; so ought men to love their wives."

Husbands should not lose their love.

The speaker related the Commandant's likened to persons entering the barracks under different circumstances. Enter it in the dark and the posts, seats, and platform would be obstructions in the way; enter it in the light and the former obstructions would become beautiful articles for comfort and convenience. So may the light of God be with the conducting parties just entering this new state.

The wedding Articles were then read, explained as being pledges to principles, not promises, and then the Major with Captain Harrison, the bride, stood forth and pledged themselves.

Very great applause at the completion of the ceremony, and then Major Morris rose to deliver his fiery address. Major Morris is a fine man in every way. He said he had difficulty in saying much, but he knew where to get strength for the fight, and that nothing could be a substitute for the power of the Holy Ghost in his work. The Major asked for the prayers of the comrades in his new fight in Newfoundland.

Mr. Morris spoke

Briefly.

She has a sweet, serene face, and in demeanor amply justifies the affectionate eulogy her brother paid her in his address, when he remarked that her influence in the family had always been for good.

We congratulate Newfoundland on being privileged with two such leaders. They will doubtless go for God, and may I grant them thousands of souls among the Sory fisher-folk.

Following the

"Crown Hymn."

came a second banquet, with Major and Mrs. Morris present.

A FINAL SALUTE

Newfoundland.

FAREWELL MEETINGS

DEAR NEWFOUNDLAND! How can I, in a few notes, write of the blessedness of these past months' warfare? Some of the happiest days have been spent with mine of the happiest of all people. Now the time has come to separate, perhaps for ever, and we hasten to gather up a few fragments concerning the few last days.

The order to farewell came in the midst of a successful seven days' campaign at No. II. St. John's. It was Monday night after the banquet; the tables had been erected repeatedly. The march was a most enthusiastic one; the greatest excitement prevailed as that lively procession swept through the streets. Three souls were saved out of the large interested crowd present.

The previous Friday we had seen thirteen



at the previous Friday, and in the Sunday meeting eleven had cried for mercy.

During the remainder of the series an enrolment of ten recruits (fifteen more are ready) took place, and several souls were saved. A great revival has been going on here.

Sixty Souls Having been Saved in four or five weeks.

There was only time for a hasty farewell visit to a few of the nearest corps.

Previous to starting for Carboneau on Saturday, we had the remarkable joy of seeing thirteen seeking the blessing on Friday night at a lovely holiness service at No. I.

The dear Lord blessed the Sunday's meetings in Carboneau. One brother sought the blessing in the holiness meeting. Five souls as the visible result of the impressive Sunday night's engagement. A halfpenny wind-up, such as Carboneau knows how to have, finished the day.

Not the least enjoyable was the soldiers' council in the afternoon and the sergeants' meeting in the quarters. Secretary Allen, of West-Content, had driven across the "barren" in the latter cold, and was with us for this meeting.

God bless these dear gaily sergeants, and make them more than ever in the future, as in the past, useful in their corps.

It was while in Harbor Grace, on Monday, that a note came from Captain Jeet, telling the joyful news of twenty-eight saved the Sunday previous at the mother corps.

Our public meeting was well attended, and the soldiers' council was one we shall not forget. The work in this Garrison corps has been that in a wonderful way, us the rows of converts go to prove.

We shall ever remember our kind friends, Secretary and Mrs. Whitman, and all the many who wished us God speed.

Through the kindness of the Governor we had a little talk with the prisoners, and made arrangements for a weekly meeting to be held by our officers and cadets here.

A hurried visit to Bay Roberts, with a public meeting and a soldiers' council, was the program for the following day. Captain Knight accompanied us here, and Captain Pynn was added to our party for Briggs.

Unfortunately the very day of our visit to Briggs a large number of men had left for the spring sailing, but notwithstanding, a good number attended the nice banquet prepared by dear Captain Keen and her aides.

The Orange Hall was crowded for the jubilee, and two halls at the farm—one for salvation, one for holiness.

We finished at Dildo. This place has only had officers two months, but the work is going forward with rapid strides. The writer on a previous visit enrolled nineteen soldiers.

Sergeant-Major Pretty informed us on our arrival at Broad Cove, where he met us to drive us into pretty Dildo, that seven more were ready, also a lady to dedicate, and that the pole for the new cross was "all to rights."

The Orange Hall was packed, not an inch of standing room was available. Such a sea of faces awaited us.

The colors were explained and presented by the writer; Brigade-Captain Tilley read the rules; the Staff Captain enrolled the soldiers, bringing the corps up to fifty blood-and-fire soldiers, and they

Are Blood-and-Fire Warriors.

We shall never forget their singing, especially

"Joy, joy, joy, for joy of heart I'm singing,
Joy, joy, joy, the d-ill be can't destroy;
My sins are all forgiven, my title's clear in heaven,
And now I'm running over with joy, joy, joy."

A soldier's baby was also dedicated to the Army. For hours the crowd prayed without a move. At last we had to dismiss them for the Soldiers' Council.

It was drawing near midnight when we bid the last adieu to these warm-hearted people.

A full week's work awaited us in the city. The Sunday at dear old No. I. was, from seven knock-drill, a succession of Salvation revelations and inspiration, with

Fifteen at the Cross

for the day, eleven for salvation and four for sanctification. No. I. noted for its many victories and the birthplace of so many souls, was packed to its utmost capacity.

The last of a series of monthly Sergeants' Council occupied three profitable hours on Monday night in our own house. The city was crowded as we are in themselves, and if they ever maintain the same spirit of loyal devotion, will be a mighty lever in lifting the city nearer God and holiness.

It was a time of consecration and laying ourselves out before the Lord for more desperate warfare and definite separation from the world.

The final meeting at No. II. was a novel one—a wedding, the marriage of Sergeant Howell and Sister Fogwell. It was with some difficulty we crushed our way through the crowd which packed the outside space, to find that inside, literally every inch, was taken possession of. Aisle, gallery, platform, every where perfect sea of eager faces, all anxious to see an Army wedding. There was a quite a bit of merriment when the Staff-Captain announced that this was the seventh time he had officiated since the Marriage Amendment Act was passed last year, and hinted that if they wanted to get married they must "bury" one, as he was now going away. Captain Payne, Rice, Baldwin, besides Brigade-Captain Tilley, the Staff, and writer took part.

The best sight of all was in the prayer meeting which followed. The barracks were still crowded a part of the standing room only being left. And in answer to invitation, the convicted began to volunteer. A sight which must have set heaven's joy bells ringing.

Twelve Sisters Knelt at the Cross,

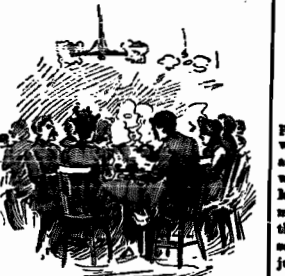
five of whom volunteered from the gallery, deliberately coming right down to the platform. Three pairs of sisters—one of them a mother's daughter, were included in the number saved.

Such a sight we have never seen at a wedding. The conclusion of this meeting can be better imagined than described.

The Thursday night United Public Farewell, in No. I., was attended by a large crowd.

The platform full of uniformed, happy Salvationists, was a sight to delight the eyes of those who never expected to look upon their bright faces again.

Friday afternoon, the dear comrades of the



two corps provided a tea for soldiers, recruits, and converts in No. I. A pleasant time was spent in social intercourse, followed by a march to No. II. for a united council.

Nearly 200 marched in the procession, with a tremendous crowd following, who seemed disappointed on arriving at our destination, to hear, "Soldiers and converts only."

Talk about "old times;" language falls

when we try to describe that beautiful meeting. From the singing of the first song

"Would Jesus have the sinner die?"

until the last testimony and address was given, a sacred, holy influence pervaded it was pre-eminently a time of feelings, intense longings after God, rather than words, human utterances. Hearts were touched, consciences quickened; and all, we believe, were "fired with a firmer resolve to 'hold fast' to principles we have been convinced as right and true."

As we went down before the Lord, a song took place, which can not be easily obliterated from the memories of those present. Spontaneously from all directions, converts were seen making their way to the Cross. Deliberately, deliberately, coming out to give up all. Sanctification to many of them, meaning salvation, soldiership, and officership. Twenty came out of the almost three hundred in the meeting. Renouncing all, conversing with their God to follow at all costs.

We pledged devotion and loyalty to our God, and closed seventeen months of blessed fellowship with these comrades, who have stood by us, loved us, and strengthened our hands by their faithfulness, and pray in times of difficulty and prosperity.

Last, but hardly least, was the little, after-dinner meeting with Captain Moon, and the girls in our Rescue Home.

Since its opening—two months ago—six have been admitted, and it did our souls good to hear the girls sing such songs as:

"Gonna, bright Gonna, I'm living in the land of Canaan."

That many days ago they were in a land of bondage.

Citizens of all ranks are taking a deep and practical interest in this little home. And the Press too have "written it up" in editorial terms. The Government has been petitioned for an annual grant.

On the 4th March we steamed off St. John's Harbor, bearing in mind a band of officers and soldiers who are prepared to live and fight for their principles and be true to the flag.

They waved their last adieu for nearly two hours (God bless them) and as strains of those beautiful songs followed us across the waves, we prayed in response to the ones:

"God is keeping His soldiers fighting. Evermore we shall conquer."

"Lord keep us by Thy power."

Ever maintain your whole-hearted earnestness, happiness and zeal, dear Newfoundland, and God will give you mighty victories.

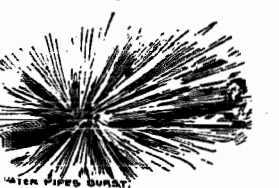
Thank you for your sympathy and co-operation. We shall most pain if we "hold fast" to the end, "Where the eagles come to roost."

I am scribbling these few "Notes" at Halifax, where we have had an enjoyable Sunday with ten dear people kneeling at the penitential form.

The new Rescue Home is to be opened to-day, of which, no doubt, the War Cry will hear later. Yours to conquer.—BLANCH J. READ.

Yorkville Yoklings.

Saturday morning, as we were just getting ready to go W.A. Car sailing, Sergeant-Major Goff brought us the glad news that the water



pipes had burst in front of the barracks. What was to be done? No money in the treasury and time hard. There is an old saying "that when the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed had to go to the mountain." Your humble servant knew the water pipe would n't mend itself, so someone would have to mend it, and we were just the boys that could do it. We headed up all the old picks and shovels we could, and set to work, and up to the time of writing it is not finished, but we are believing to get through with it. I am sorry we cannot afford to have our young men in the War Cry.

Well, thank God for a religion that helps us to take a pick and shovel, or do anything else that will help to get souls saved and God's Kingdom advanced. God is helping us, thank Him. Souls are getting saved, and we are in for victory.—Captain and Mrs. GANNETT.

"REAL RELIGION," Is the Title of a Series of Addresses by THE COMMANDANT At the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Elm Street, Every Friday Evening.

THE DEVIL ON TRIAL IN CHICAGO.

BY HANDEMAN BUTTS BROWN.

(Continued from last week.)

Q. I understood you to say you saw the devil in this Washington Home?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Please tell under what circumstances you saw the devil at this Home?

A. You want the date?

Q. What hour was it?

A. Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning.

Q. Were you in your right mind at this time?

A. I was in *delirium tremens*.

Miss Jennie Mitchell testified from experience that the devil had robbed her of peace and joy that would have been hers if she had never met him. She knew the devil was a murderer, because she had seen one of her acquaintances, while under the influence of drink, kill his chum. The devil, she thought, caused this murder.

The cross-examination by Attorney Johnson, which brought forth the fact that witness was born in Belfast, Ireland.

Q. Are you acquainted with the devil?

A. I am.

Q. Is not, have you been so explicit as to state that he is a great big devil?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Please tell how big a devil he is?

A. What I mean by saying that he is a great big devil, is that he is confined to one place, but is in the hearts of the children of men. My opinion is that he is a great big devil. The devil is a devil, anyhow. (Laughter.)

Mr. Johnson, attorney, after taking the box, said he came in contact with the defendant about twenty years ago, in the form of a lecture given by Colonel Robt. G. Ingersoll. He was much taken up with the appeals given to Mr. Ingersoll at this time, and thought he would be a glorious thing if he could only be persuaded like that to be started to be an infidel at once. The devil led him down deep in sin, and robbed him of home, happiness, and all that was grand and good, but through the Salvation Army he was brought back to the foot of the Cross.

The cross-examination failed to say any way about Mr. Michael's evidence, and he was dismissed.

Clement Simonson said that the devil had come to him as an angel of light, and induced to do unnecessary work on the Sabbath Day. He went out to drink and to swearing. He was then robbed of God's greatest gift to man, i. e., salvation, also of his happy home. His home was made happy again after he came back to God and sought forgiveness of his sins.

Mrs. Winchell on the stand. Direct examination by Attorney Winchell.

Q. Are you acquainted with the defendant, the devil?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Can you remember when first you made his acquaintance? If so, please state the circumstances.

A. When I was about eight years old, he came to steal money from my mother's cupboard.

Q. Then the devil robbed you of your money?

A. Yes.

Q. Can you spell the word devil?

A. D-E-V-I-L.

Q. Please dissect it.

A. E-V-I-L, his nature; V-I-L, his appearance; I-L, ill effect on others, and I, where he resides when at home and not out visiting.

Q. Do you know anything about any of the visits he makes or where he goes?

A. Yes.

Q. Please state to the court something about where he makes his visits, and the results of such visits?

A. About six years ago a rap came to my door at midnight. A young man asked me to go to his home immediately. The devil came to the door of his father, who was interested. He was very furious with drink, and was knocking the chairs and furniture around the house. His looks were something terrible to behold, and he had just refused a chair to strike his wife down when this young man stepped between them, and said: "Strike me, father, but don't strike mother."

Witness was then handed over to Mr. Johnson for cross-examination.

Q. How old were you when you bargained your mother's cupboard?

A. Eight years old.

Q. Are these burglaries very often? On many times on occasion you robbed your mother's cupboard?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Isn't it a fact that you took more than money from your mother?

A. I can't remember of one other thing.

Q. You took to stealing at a very young age?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. At what age did you become acquainted with the devil?

A. I knew him all my life.

Q. Are you sure it was the devil caused you to take the money?

A. I do, for God's Word.

Q. God's Word doesn't say anything about stealing money, does it?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you believe the devil had anything to do with this man heading his wife? Wasn't it the cursed liquor that got into him?

A. The devil was causing him to drink.

Q. You believe that with all your heart?

A. I do.

At this juncture in the proceedings, as the hour had got rather late, Attorney Johnson moved that the Court adjourn till the following night at eight o'clock. Judge Beane thereupon declared the Court adjourned as per motion, and the band played a lively air.

THE SECOND NIGHT OF THE TRIAL.

To show the amount of interest that was taken in this trial by the people of Chicago, the court room was again crowded before the hour for the witness had arrived. At eight o'clock Judge Beane took his seat on the bench, the two opposing lawyers went to their places, and the jury was brought in. The first witness called was Mr. Morris T. Murphy, the left-handed man player in the band.

Murphy went back about fifteen years in his experience, to an incident where the devil caused him to rob his mother of a pound note so that he could "take his girl to the theatre." (Laughter.) He then branched off, giving a short sketch of his life, which went to prove how the devil led him astray. He had worked on the railroads in the West, and one day fell from the top of a car through car windows (caused by the devil) and lost his right hand. He always had lots of money to spend, and led a very fast life. At one time he had played in a variety show band.

Mr. Johnson then proceeded with the cross-examination.

Q. Now, then, Mr. Murphy, you have said to this Court and jury that the devil has done you a great deal of harm in your life. Have you ever seen the devil?

A. No; I have never seen the devil.

Q. How do you know that there is a devil?

A. I have conclusive proof in my coat that there is a devil.

Q. How do you know?

A. Why, I know. The very fact of you being here to-night as his representative goes to show that there is a devil. (Much laughter.) I myself stepped up for the reading of the clerk's report, which one of the city papers called a blacksmith's hammer.

Mr. Johnson then looked perplexed, and took up a different line of questions.

Q. Now, then, Mr. Murphy, you say indeed that he caused you to steal from your mother a pound note to "take your girl to the theatre."

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you not feel rather meekly?

A. Certainly, most everybody feels meek under such circumstances.

Q. Do you solemnly declare to this judge and jury that you know "the devil caused you to do all these things?"

A. I do.

Mr. Geo. H. Thomas on the stand. Direct examination by Mr. Winchell:

Q. Where were you born?

A. I was born twice.

Q. What was your name by that?

A. I was born into this world about thirty years ago, and about thirteen years ago I was born of the Spirit of God.

The witness then went on to say how the devil had led him to stealing when quite young. He belonged to a gang of boys who went around pilfering stores. One boy would get the proprietor's wife, while another one would steal something in another part of the store, and then they would draw cuts to see who was to do the most stealing. The devil almost led him upon one occasion to commit murder. He belonged to the 1st Irish Brigade on Volunteer in England, and one day, while on a walk with blank cartridges, he got away at the sergeant, with placed in his gun a loaded cartridge, with which to shoot the sergeant next volley, but just as he was about to fire, the words of his mother came to him: "Be sure your sins will find you out," and he did not fire. He was stopped or snatched in his mad career by a large constable just as he was about to burglarize a house.

Cross-examination by Attorney Johnson.

Q. Mr. Thomas, you were a very wild young man?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. You have said to this Court that you were a pretty thief?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Have you got over this habit of stealing yet?

A. Yes, sir, since I got the Spirit of God.

[To be continued.]

STRATFORD.—Grand times all day. Twenty on the march at knee-drill, headed by the band. Glorious hellness meeting. Three souls in the afternoon, and nine at night, making twelve for the day. Hallelujah! —CAPTAIN LEE.

Central Ontario Pickings.

Ensign Arkett is reluctant to find a healthy baby boy has arrived on the scene and Mrs. Arkett is doing well. The more the merrier, Ensign, especially if they are of the Blood—and Fire type. God bless the Ensign too.

The following are a few extracts from letters received at the Provincial Headquarters, and they are samples of many others which we are receiving almost by every mail. Send them along:—

"We had five saved yesterday at our Corps. Personally we are in good trim going in for victory. WAR CRYS are selling well."

"The break has come at last. After a long pull we had one soul on Sunday, hallelujah! God is all in all to me. I am happy in Jesus' love."

"I feel in my very bones that we are going to have the victory. Anyhow, if living humble and being courageous will be any help to bring this about, then I promise you this I will be, by the grace of God. Hallelujah!"

"I love the children's work very much and am just about starting to do something. Send me on full instructions how I can make the children's work a success."

"Everything going well. The Ward System and Junior Companies in full working order. Victory ahead."

The Brigadier and Staff Captain Jewer have been busy visiting every Corps around about the city and others that are on the list. The following corps are among the number:—Brampton, Orangeville, Ripponville, Richmond, Stratford, Ligar Street, West Toronto, Hamilton, Ill. Oakville, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Courtice, Whitby, Brooklin, Uxbridge, Markham, Steelesville. At this rate our Provincial Staff will soon have covered the whole Province. God speed the war.

Lieutenant Pollard has gone to Orangeville, and already reports a break; one soul to the front.

Lieutenant Sheard is now acting a Lieutenant to Captain Edgcombe at the Temple. They continue to have souls saved.

Captain Carruthers and Cadet Smith held the fort at Lippincott.

We are glad to hear that the father of Ensign MacNamara is better. Congratulations from your Toronto comrades, Ensign.

Arthur Street is being run by Ensign Frith, from the Women's Garrison, Ligar Street.

Mrs. de Barritt, with the members of the League of Prayer, has visited many of the city corps on behalf of that noble work.

Captain Wiseman and Lieutenant Harris have forwarded from Richmond Street, The Commandant has promoted the Captain, and the Commandant has taken charge of the Belleville District.

Ligar Street continues to report victory. The young man over whom the Brigadier and comrade officers prayed for a solid hour, at last yielded, and is now busy beating the big drum and playing the mouth-organ. The salvation of this brother, as well as that of some other hard cases, reminds one of a remark that we recently heard of, and that people would get saved willingly they should be compelled to.

Captain Huxtable and Cadet Redburn held the fort at Dorchester. The transformation that has come over that place is something wonderful, and the congregations have increased beautifully. What we now want is a real revival. God hasten it.

Captain Wale, who has been holding on at West Toronto Junction, is on rest.

Captain and Mrs. Andrews have arrived at Riverdale, whilst their predecessors, Captain Banks and Lieutenant Tucker, have gone to hold forth at Oshawa. We are expecting tidings of victory from that stronghold.

Captain and Mrs. Garrett have been honored with quite a number of souls saved. The small meeting-room has become too small. Rumor has it that the Captain has taken to baptizing a few, and can be found on Yonge Street on Saturday afternoon, cow-bell and WAR CRYS to the front.

Captain Carrie Stagers and Lieutenant Mitchell have changed over to Gravenhurst, and we are now awaiting tidings of a break. Captain Halpny has gone on rest, and Lieutenant Pratt is holding forth.

Good tidings reach us all the way from Fanny Sound, and despite the cold and ice the heavenly showers are falling.

Hamilton I. and II. had a united hellness meeting on the occasion of the Brigadier's visit. The place was packed; two volunteers were forward, and five dollars collection was noted. Captain May is holding on there and the arrival of Captain Gibbs. A host of soldiers from No. 1. came over to give their comrades a lift. The open-air meetings were quite a feature. The march was led by the Brigadier on the sidewalk, and when five or six people would come out to a door, stoppage was made, and some red-hot salvation poured out.

And thus the blessed holy work of salvation rolls on. News of victory continues to reach us, and whilst there is still a great deal to be done, we have the promise of that God Who has promised grace and strength to grapple with and pull down the strongholds of sin.

Amherstburg Attack.

The Captain was sick, the Lieutenant was sick, and some of the soldiers were sick. The devil was having his own way; however, he was in for victory, but he got left, for on Monday night, one dear girl came to Jesus, and was saved. We are still fighting on, and determined to have victory.—CAPTAIN J. CHATFIELD, Lieutenant I. MITCHELL.

Bonaville Brisk Battles.

Since last report, the Lord has blessed our efforts, and we have been able to rejoice in seeing six souls born into the Kingdom the past week.

Friday night hellness meeting, wonderful time. A hellness war dance right through. Wound up with sharp shots, believing for wonderful times yet.—NEWMAN and THOMPSON.

Fortune Flourishing.

Mrs. Freeman and myself and also Lieutenant Bishop spent a night at this place, and had a very enjoyable time. The barracks at this place is getting fixed up a bit. We had a "squeal" some time ago and raised \$18. for the purpose of improving the barracks; so, with Lieutenant Cooper in charge, it is going along very well. We commissioned seven sergeants at this place, and explained the duties to the public. Mrs. Freeman sang and spoke, and then the net was drawn in, but no spoke.—H. FREEMAN, D. O.

Bear River Bear Haters.

God is blessing us. We have seen a few coming to the Cross lately.

Sunday morning we had our first seven a. m. knee-drill. It was one of the most blessed meetings I have been in for some time. God came right in our midst, and wonderfully spoke to our hearts.

Sunday afternoon we had a prohibition meeting. It was well attended. The Lieutenant read from Proverbs xx. 1, and spoke for some time on the subject of temperance. A number of the congregation spoke on the question, among whom was Mrs. Price, Vice President of the W.C.T.U., and several members of the Union. They were blessed by all present.

On Sunday night, the subject was "The Power of God to Save from Drink, Tobacco, and Rum."

On Monday, we were favored with a visit from the Officer of the Circle, Captain Edwards, of Digby. We had a real, rousing meeting, but sorry to have to report that we had to close without any souls. We had the privilege of addressing a large congregation in the Temperance Hall on the prohibition question on Tuesday night. We are in for victory, and God is helping us.—B. R. C. F.

Bits From Brandon.

Four souls out for salvation on Sunday night. The old devil fought long and hard, but when we started at half past six, we started for victory, and we did not intend to give in. We are going to give him a proper pounding.—Cadet J. W. BAXTER, Brandon Garrison.

Since we last wrote, two souls sought and found salvation. One, a poor bucklander, who has proved that the ways of the transgressors are hard.

We made a determined bombardment on the saloons on Saturday night after the meeting, and got wonderfully blessed in our souls. We divided up into companies, and attacked the devil on all sides. He kicked, but we stuck to our colors, and the Lord opened up the way for us to have prayer in no less than ten minutes. Glory to His name. And we left many thinking seriously about salvation.—Cadet A. WILKINS.

Wednesday night we had a Hindoo meeting and march, and had a good time.

Sunday we had a splendid time all day, and the meeting in the jail was grand. It is beautiful to hear the boys testify. God keep them good and well saved. The Winnipeg brass band will be here this week, so look out for our next report. We pray that God will make the Bellingham a blessing to many many souls come to the light, in the prayer of yours in the War.—Cadet W. H. CORWAY.

Carbonear Conquering.

Since you last heard from us we have been having the victory. Last Friday night eleven out for cleansing, three for pardon.

Send the privilege of having Staff-Captain and Mrs. Ross being their visit. The meetings were largely attended, and at night five souls knelt at the Cross, for which we give God the glory and march on to conquer Carbonear for God.—Captain BYRNE, Lieutenant PETERMAN.

MRS. BOOTH Visits Yorkville S.A. Barracks Sunday, April 8th, 7:30.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER De BARRITT.

Port Perry.

The inhabitants of Port Perry were startled last night in the midst of their prayer meetings by hearing the tolls of the fire bell. Very soon hundreds of people were on the spot headed by the fire, but nothing could be done to save the house—it was too late.

The people went home and retired, but at 1 o'clock about two o'clock in the morning the fire bell was heard again, and this time one of the finest houses in town was on fire. Men tried hard to save the walls of the house, but the fire had too great a hold of the building, and very soon one part of the brick wall fell in.

We pray that the people of Port Perry may think about the eternal fire of the wrath of Almighty God, which shall come upon the inhabitants of this world, and God grant that every soul in this town shall flee to Jesus before it be too late, and before the flames of hell get round their guilty souls.—Lieutenant BARRITT.

Hamilton II.

Wednesday was the final farewell of Captain Halpenny and Lieutenant Pratt, of Hamilton II. No. 1. I had kindly turned up for the occasion, and returned to the north-west end of the Ambitious City. The crowd in the street was not very large, but those that did come were soon enjoying it immensely. The bandmen played and soled at intervals. Talk about "Me Joe ten" being rendered by Captain Nelson, of the militia? You ought to hear Sergeant-Major (ban-lama) Whitehead give it go. Toward the close of the meeting, Brother Reese arose, and in a lengthy address said some nice things about the kindness of No. 1. officers and band for their ever being willing to come and give No. 11 a helping hand, and made a suggestion to tender the band and officers a vote of thanks. (Something out of the ordinary in Salvation Army circles.) The motion was seconded by Brother Mathews, and responded to by Bandmaster Miller. The Lieutenant and Captain then bid farewell, and the meeting closed.

Captain Halpenny and her Lieutenant got to Hunterville; the Captain goes on a short rest, and the Lieutenant goes ahead to hold on. Friday night No. 1. and II. corps unite for a special jubilee "go" at No. 11. barracks. Welcome meeting to the Provincial Secretary, Brigadier De Barritt, and the new officers, Captains Gibbs and May. With three brass drums on the march, three cornets, and the Brigadier's concertina, things went "a hummin'." Folks were accustomed to the music of one drum, but when it comes to three, my, how they looked! The ball was full; yea, full. Talk about a lively meeting! Brigadier's new chorus went well.

"Dear in mind,
To others be kind,
God will reward you some day;
If a brother you send
Lootie behind
Give him a lift on the way."

One dear brother, lately saved at No. 1, sang a solo in the African language; he had heard it sung at Salvation meetings in that country while doing service for Her Majesty. The band sang a song alone at the Brigadier's request, and then he read and helped to tumble two souls into the cleansing stream. Thus ended the welcome meeting of Brigadier De Barritt. Only one of the new officers arrived, Captain May; Captain Gibbs will shortly follow.

Faversham Circle Corps.

Praise the Lord, we can report victory here. The past week has been one of power and blessing.

At one of our outposts, called Salem—a fort which we have been holding for some time against the powers of darkness and sin—we have at last seen a break in the enemy's ranks, and nine precious souls, whom God, by His spirit, has shown the way of fleeing from the rule of sin and Satan, have left their ranks, put down their weapons of rebellion, and have become servants of the King of kings. We are believing for still greater things. We are getting a move on. Hallelujah! To God be all the glory!—Lieutenant ROSE.

Faversham.

Kennig McAmmond with us Monday night at Gibraltar. A beautiful time, and two souls. Tuesday, at Faversham. Dancing; a happy time; everybody bliss; and one soul.—Captain N. GRACEY.

St. Catharines.

Quite a change in the air: change of talk; change of fighting; but God is here to help and save souls at St. Catharines as at Montreal.

The soldiers received so well, and did their best, and we are going to do some amazing things in the name of our God by prayer, faith and works.

The band is progressing, and we expect it to get on better. We have had two solos, and appear on the field of battle to fire away. Also the ward sergeants are doing good service setting WAR CRIES, and we expect soon to have a full force turning out on prayer meeting night, making it hot for the devil in many parts of the town.

Niagara Falls

has been visited by the D. O. He found the Captain alone. It seems too bad when there are men who will not give up their bodies to go and do God's will and help win souls. The chance will soon be gone to do a brave fight. Go now to the war! Many people are to be seen night-hunting. Hell will be an awful sight. Keep at it, comrades, and God shall help you to win many a poor soul from the burning.

Orillia.

On Thursday night, we had a very interesting meeting, where seven different countries were represented; full house. Had Esquimaux, from Barrie; also Lieutenant Cooper, who now belongs to the Stars and Stripes. He was with us for Sunday also. We ended the day with one soul in the fountain.—SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Oranmore.

We had some blessed meetings in this little town. We have for our leaders, Captain and Mrs. Dyker, and their little Cadet. Saturday night the devil must rage as he always does, but good meetings are always the result.—A SOLDIER.

Whitby.

Rather late, but better late than never. Brigadier De Barritt, Staff-Captain Jervis, and Esquimaux, have been with us, and had a splendid meeting, although not a very large crowd; but at the close, one dear brother, who had let this world's cares separate him and his God, came and got back his old love, and has since testified to a complete work being done in his soul.

On Thursday night, a man who had been a backslider for a good many years, and that had wandered far into sin, came and claimed deliverance, and has since testified to God's

Then "School" was explained, questions asked, and amusing answers given by the girls and in some the secret power joyful work told. "We do it all for Jesus in the Light Training Home."

Oh, yes, we're having good times, and if we continue to pull together well, we shall conquer sin, death, the devil and hell, and victory grand, glorious, heavenly, victory shall be the result of Light Training battle.—Esquimaux FATH.

Midland.

We have proved that Jesus is still the same. Glory to God. This week, two souls for salvation, and three for the blessing of a clean heart.

On Saturday night, Newfoundland was represented. God bless the folk at home. I am a Canadian now, and in for God and work.—Lieutenant ROWE.

Arthur Street.

They are in for victory here. Although the crowds are small, God is Almighty, and able to break the strong, and most stubborn heart. We spent Sunday with them, and got a great blessing to our own souls. Keep believing.—Cadet BAYAN.

Oshawa.

Here we are again at Oshawa, fighting the fighting sin and the devil. We are sure of victory. Our first meeting was good. On Sunday the Spirit of God proved the meetings and a number were convicted. Our hope is in God. Our faith runs high. Hallelujah! Soldiers have given us a real Salvation welcome. We are one with them to get sinners saved.—Captain BARKS and Lieutenant TUCKER.

Brookbridge District.

All around the district, the spring is breaking. At Hunterville they have had a gathering in of fruit; five have been enrolled. At Gravenhurst there has been a thaw, one soul thawed out last week. May the Lord let the Sun of righteousness shine on others that are frozen up.

At Brookbridge a proper flood of Salvation. Souls! Souls! Souls! has been the theme. Enrollment also has been gone through. Seven have taken their stand for Jesus. Ferry Sound has also got started, the stream is small but it will increase as we go on. One has got out of Euse-omer to go any place for God.

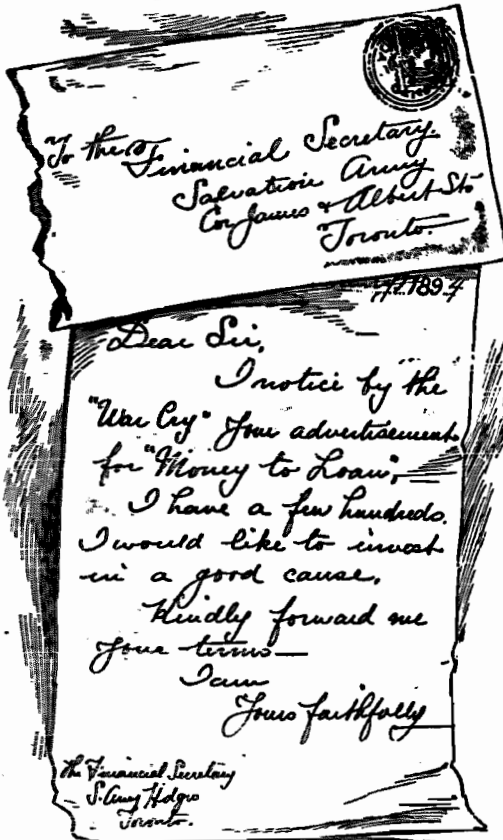
Soldiers all around the district! should take note of this. Let go of your mother's apron and strike out to do something for dying men and women.

One brother walks fourteen miles on Sunday to attend meetings at Brookbridge, gives a Blood-and-Fire testimony and walks back again. A brother at Ferry Sound declares the WAR CRY is worth 25c. cents per week; he has been taking it for years. A brother in giving his testimony said, thank God my yoke is easy and my burden is light. So it is.—Esquimaux DOWELL.

Lindsay District.

We started on our northern trip, with the thermometer away below zero. FATHERLY FALLS was the place that we wanted to reach. Things went all right for a few miles, then we began to encounter banks of snow, and finally we got to a place where we could not go any further. "The war horse," "Charley," behaved splendidly under the circumstances. We were in a pickle. We could neither go ahead, nor turn around. After some thought what to do, I commenced to work. That warmed me up, but poor Mrs. Ayre and Sister Miller suffered very much from the severe cold. Mrs. Ayre's feet were near frozen. After some tramping and taking down fences, we proceeded across the fields until we got past the blockade of snow in the road. We had not gone far before we had to call at a friendly farmer's house; Mrs. Ayre was near perishing with her cold feet. After some work at rubbing them with our hands, the good lady of the house helping me, we commenced to bring them to their right feeling. We had dinner and prayer, and then started again. Oh, such a time! Keep cutting wind, thirty-five below zero. After a long drive, we reached FATHERLY FALLS. Sister Miller's nose was frozen. Little Brother Kilroy took charge of Charley, and we made for the quarters, and I assure you we were glad to get by a road free to warm our benumbed limbs. We soon began to feel like ourselves a little. Some refreshment for the body, and we commenced to prepare for the night. Being such a night, we could not expect many, still a very fair crowd of soldiers and people faced the stinging, cold wind. We had a nice meeting. One young woman came to Christ, and got salvation. A little more war news and salvation talk, and we retired to rest.

In the morning we found the temperature just as low as the day before, and a twenty-mile drive ahead of us. KILROY is the point to be reached. We made a start, not knowing the way until we came to a blockade in the road. We found that we had to turn round and go back a die-



Welland.

is in my district, and arriving at the station Captain Timmy and Secretary Bottrell was there to give me a welcome. We had a good march and a nice little crowd inside, who listened and sang, and also some who once used to work for God, but have gone back. God bless them.

Now, comrades at Welland, pull together. Up to the marches. Captain Timmy is at it, and will do his best. Lieutenant needed. Sister soldier in that corps near—where there are lots of soldiers, go out and help your struggling ones, who have left their all to follow the Master, and help them to win the poor lost souls.

Sergeant Tompkins and I visited Port Dalhousie and sold nine CENTS and two ALL THE WORLD. Also had a beautiful time visiting and praying with some dear friends there.

We rejoice on the arrival of Lieutenant Young, and now we shall go on faster than ever. Last Sunday we had larger crowds than usual. Praise God!—Esquimaux ARKETT, D. O.

keeping power. His wife also found Christ with the Captain was visiting there.—A SOLDIER.

Ligar Street.

Hurrah for "Ligar!" Fighting here makes you feel his good to be alive, especially when that life is given and sustained by God. There is no melting down we shall finish, like the young man in Commandant's story, we're begun well, and as brother McElroy continually shouts "It's getting better all the time." We seem to have the upper hand of the devil just now, in fact last night we finished with nine souls in the fountain.

On Thursday we had a Training Home meeting, led by Mrs. De Barritt, and went through, for the benefit of the people, part of our day's work, laying the table for breakfast, cutting the bread, cleaning the rubbers, splitting the wood, sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, and then set down to our breakfast table, which some of our friends in the meeting quickly helped to supply.

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

Stroig, 25c; J. S. Pearls, 25c; J. P. Coop, 25c; J. B. Sanderson, 25c; Wm. Gourd, 25c; H. C. Coleridge, \$1.00 worth of wall paper; Mrs. Stuart, box of toilet soap; Mr. Yeo, \$1 worth of crockery; Mr. Markham, milk; Mr. Perkins, meat; Mr. McCracken, potatoes; Mr. Orm, fish; Mr. Markham, milk; Mr. Mitchell, meat; A. Friend, cakes; Mr. Boomer, cakes; Hu. Brock, flour; W. Thompson, rolled oats and split peas. Mrs. Langerie, dripping.

